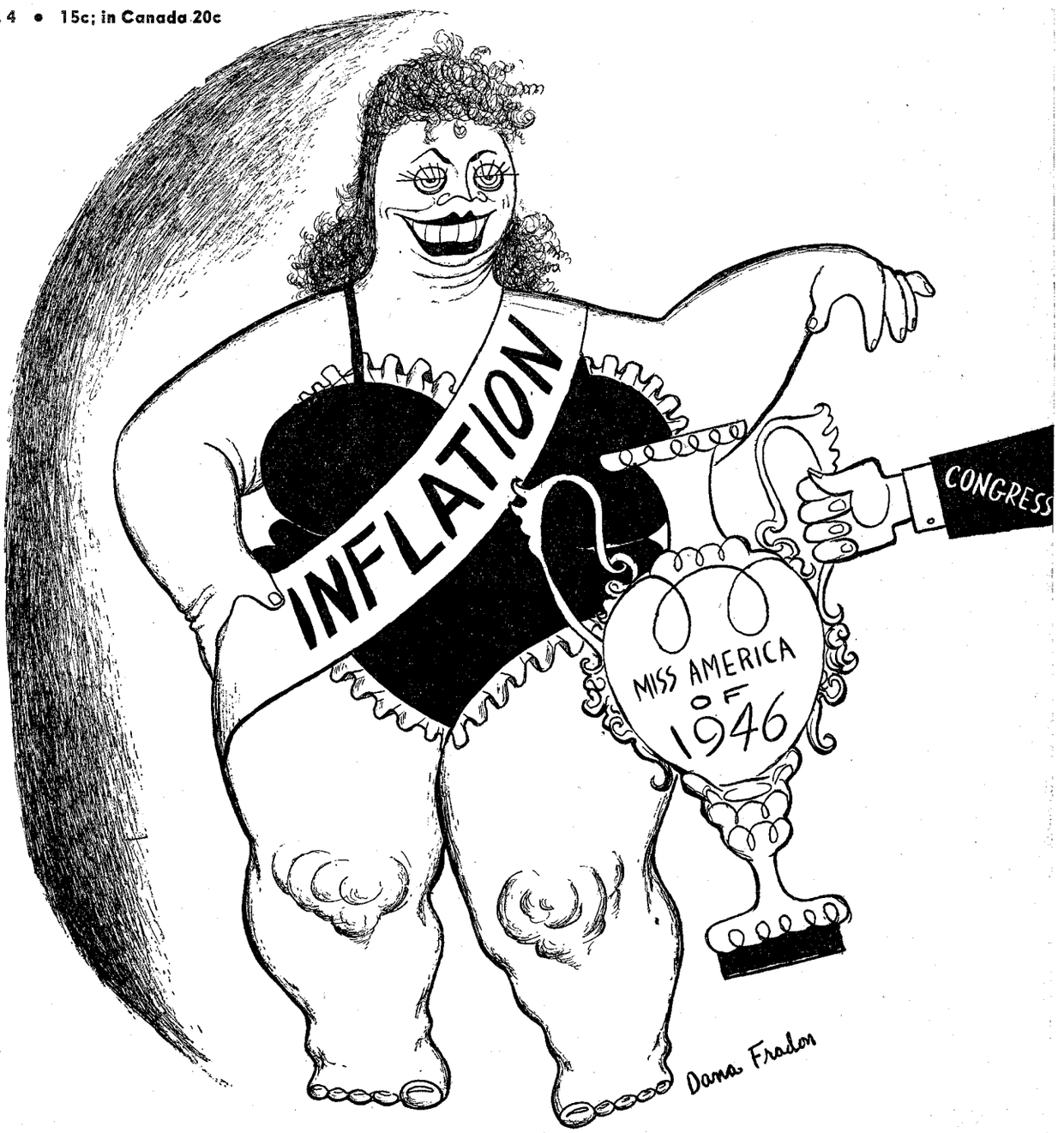
new masses

JULY 23, 1946

Vol. LX, No. 4 • 15c; in Canada 20c



PHILIPPINE STORY

by Lawrence Emery

***ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:** Remember Spain! by Quentin Reynolds; Whose Dilemma? opposing views on the Negro question by Horace R. Cayton and Herbert Aptheker; Soviet Artists, by Louis Lozowick; A. B. Magil on Brooks Atkinson.*

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just a minute

IF YOU can't think of what to do some Sunday in New York, borrow a box of watercolors and go down to the docks along the Hudson and draw a barge or two and some of the people who like to sit on the ends of piers. It's fun, even if you're not any good (we're terrible). We did that last Fourth of July, along with a real artist who knows what she's doing. It was a fresh, sunny day; a breeze whipped the water, and kids swam around between the piles under the docks. Our friend spotted a dour-looking fellow gazing out at the river and started to paint him; but just as she was getting him nicely roughed in he shifted position.

She watched him a moment, then called out, "Are you going to sit still?"

He looked at her truculently. "I'm minding my own business," he answered, "you *mind* yours."

"She wants to draw a picture of you," we explained.

He still watched us sternly, but he swung back to his original position. Our friend went to work again. The art lovers collected behind her, evaluating each brush-stroke. For twenty minutes he sat motionless, frowning at her, and then it was ready for his inspection.

He knew what was wrong with it right away. "I look mad," he said. He studied it. "Looks like I got a bellyache or something. That ain't the way I feel." He paused. "You want to draw another one?"

Irene Goldberg.

So he sat down again and our friend drew the one on this page. He liked it, and so did the other critics.

THIS story has no particular point, except that it came to mind the other day when we were thinking over NM's short story problem. We get many good, deeply-felt, technically competent stories in the mail each week. But we sometimes wonder—are our writers writing about people as they really are, or as the writers think they are? A great majority of the characters in these stories turn out to be helpless victims of society. The don't defend themselves, they don't know how to fight back. These stories are written by people who want to express their indignation at injustice—but do most of them really know enough about the people they write about? For, as Lloyd Brown remarked, "Negroes couldn't have survived this long if they hadn't found ways of fighting back—and that goes for all other oppressed groups. Negroes don't go around being miserable all the time—sometimes they're happy, sometimes they win a battle, they throw parties; workers sing and crack jokes on the picketline—and it's a writer's job to show this complexity." Well, it's a big subject—and one that Charlie Humboldt will deal with at length in a forthcoming article. Watch for it.

PERSONAL: a book of drawings by the Italian resistance artist Gutusso has been borrowed from NM's office. This valuable notebook was loaned us by a veteran who brought it from Italy. Will the person who borrowed it please return it immediately?

B. M.

new masses

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Two weeks' notice is requested for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than the Post Office will give the best results. Vol. LX, No. 4. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 E. 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

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Washington Office, 802 F St. NW, Room 28. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $6.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions and Mexico; six months $3.50; three months $2.00. Foreign, $7.00 a year; six months $4.00; three months, $2.25. In Canada $6.50 a year, $4.00 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20 cents Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

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REMEMBER SPAIN!

"Books can be burned, men can be tortured, cities can be leveled, but neither fire nor flame nor torture can make an end to liberty."

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

This week marks the tenth anniversary of the Franco rebellion, backed by Hitler and Mussolini, against the Spanish Republic. We direct our readers' attention to the call of the World Federation of Trade Unions for a campaign of demonstrations from July 18 to August 18, an anti-Franco month in support of Spain's fighters for democracy. Mr. Reynold's plea for action against Franco was delivered at a recent dinner sponsored by the Spanish Refugee Appeal.

THERE should be absolutely no need for such a meeting as this tonight. We are here assuming an obligation which properly belongs to the Allied governments or to UNRRA: the obligation of helping allies who were constantly fighting on our side. The Allies still insist that the war began in 1939. We believe and our presence here proclaims it that the war began in 1936. Under UNRRA's charter, the only displaced persons who can be helped are those who were nationals of a country invaded by the Axis. Because our State Department and the Foreign Office of Great Britain proceed on the assumption that the war began in 1939, the people of Spain, whether they fought with us or not, are excluded from the benefits of UNRRA because in 1939 Spain was in State Department language a neutral country and because it was not thereafter invaded.

If the State Department could be convinced by public opinion that Spain was invaded by the Axis in 1936, something so obvious that it is inconceivable that even State Department eyes astigmatized through years of watching red tape cannot see it, then UNRRA could help the 40,000 Spanish who fought with the French Maquis, could help the men who fought with us in North Africa, could help the families of guerrillas who did so much sabotage during the war. UNRRA in short could give the help it now gives to the people of Greece and Yugoslavia and Poland and Czechoslovakia and that it gives to the displaced persons of Europe. But until we and our allies officially recognize the fact that the war began in 1936 when the Axis attacked the democratic government of Spain, UNRRA is helpless and we as individuals will have to do what our government should do.

Today we are helping to feed the people of Germany, we are feeding the people of Japan, we are feeding our 300,000 prisoners of war but we are not giving a crust of bread to those who were our first allies, to those Spaniards who never stopped fighting.

"Guess who I got it from." Dana Fradon.

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Our State Department still maintains the fiction that Spain was technically a neutral country during the war. Oh, occasionally we throw harsh official words at Franco, but words are poor weapons to hurl against one of the world's most arrogant dictators. Franco has a strong armor. He is armored with his contempt for us as a nation, and who can blame him? He has fooled us from the start and has made us like it.

Our State Department condemns him publicly and then sells him C-47's and oil. The British government condemns him publicly and then in the six months following the end of the war sells him $72,000,000 worth of trucks and other Army vehicles. No, you can't blame Franco for laughing at us and shaking off the hard words of our government the way a duck sheds water.

Our State Department points with hardly understandable pride to the White Paper it published on Franco and to the fifteen documents it contained, documents which showed the strong link between Franco and Hitler. But the State Department ignores the fact that thirteen of these documents were published some months ago in *Colliers' Weekly* and that the remaining two have been general knowledge for a long, long time. Why doesn't the State Department publish some of the remaining 8,000 documents gathered by our Army and naval intelligence officers? If these were published no one could again affirm that Franco Spain was ever technically a neutral nation.

These documents give complete proof to the State Department that: (1) German scientists developed and tested the V-1 and V-2 bombs in Spain itself with the full knowledge and cooperation of Franco. (2) That cartels like I. G. Farben operating under various names (all listed in the documents) are now sharing the full control of Spanish industry with Franco. (3) That today hundreds of German physicists are working in Spanish laboratories and that the Franco government controls and owns the results of their research. (4) That throughout the war Spanish merchant shipping served as the eyes and ears of German submarines operating in the Caribbean and the South Atlantic and that through these ships Gestapo agents reached the Western Hemisphere. (5) That the island of Minorca, Spanish national territory, was used as a base for German planes. Air Chief Marshal Harriss of the RAF incidentally revealed that in the Mediterranean edition of the *Stars and Stripes* many months ago. (6) That throughout the war Spanish diplomats acted as liaison officers between the Nazis and Fascist politicians and agents in Argentina, Bolivia and Brazil. (7) That the whole Spanish diplomatic service acted and still acts as a gigantic spy net fomenting trouble in the Western Hemisphere. (8) That today at least 40,000 known Nazi agents hold Spanish passports and can at will visit the United States and other countries.

Quentin Reynolds, as seen by Soriano.

THESE are some of the things that the 8,000 documents reveal—and yet the only whipping we give Franco is a verbal one. We suggest that it would be nice if the people of Spain would get rid of Franco, but mind you—no violence, please. In view of the facts we know about the unholy alliance which existed between Franco and Hitler, we as a nation have only one course to follow if we are to keep our self-respect, if we are to retain the moral leadership of the world: and that course is to immediately break with Franco diplomatically and commercially and remove our heads from the sand of self-delusion and admit that World War II began in 1936. Then we can assume the obligations of helping our Spanish allies who will not then have to depend on our charity.

Our State Department and our War Department know that Franco worked against us not only in Europe but in the Pacific as well. The whole documented case history of Jose del Castano, consul general for Franco in the Philippines, is on file in Washington. He arrived in Manila early in 1941, and three days after his arrival he was named openly as head of the Falange in Manila. His men infiltrated into all Manila defense organizations. Then the Japanese attacked. The whole civilian defense, completely undermined by del Castano, collapsed. Del Castano did his work so well that the Japanese decorated him after the capture of Manila. He remained in Manila acting as a finger man for the Japanese, turning in natives who had remained faithful to the Americans. The Japanese called a meeting of all foreign consuls at a Manila hotel and they asked them to make lists of men and women they knew to be working against them. All refused, and then Del Castano arose to say that they were foolish to refuse and that he himself had already prepared such a list. He presented it to the Japanese General, and eventually every man and woman whose name was on that list was executed.

A French diplomat, Henri Hoppenot, who was present at that meeting, was afterwards sent here in a diplomatic exchange of prisoners. He told this story to the State Department and to the War Department. When we retook Manila our troops arrested Del Castano, but for some strange unfathomable reason he was never tried as a war criminal. Instead he was put on a ship and brought to San Francisco. Incidentally, he arrived during the San Francisco conference just in time, I am sure, to congratulate his Argentine friends and perhaps join them in their laughter at our American naivete. And then? And then Del Castano was hurried to Madrid, and he is there holding a responsible position in Franco's government. Spain a neutral country? The blood of Americans who died because of the direct or indirect efforts of Franco must deny this blasphemy.

But what of Britain's socialistic government? They too call a few names, but do nothing. Why? When the Spanish people finally find themselves strong enough to overcome and throw out the unwanted dictator there is no doubt that the first thing they will do is to confiscate and nationalize all property belonging to native collaborators. Unhappily Britain has a large stake in some of this property. British interests have shared the ownership of the Rio

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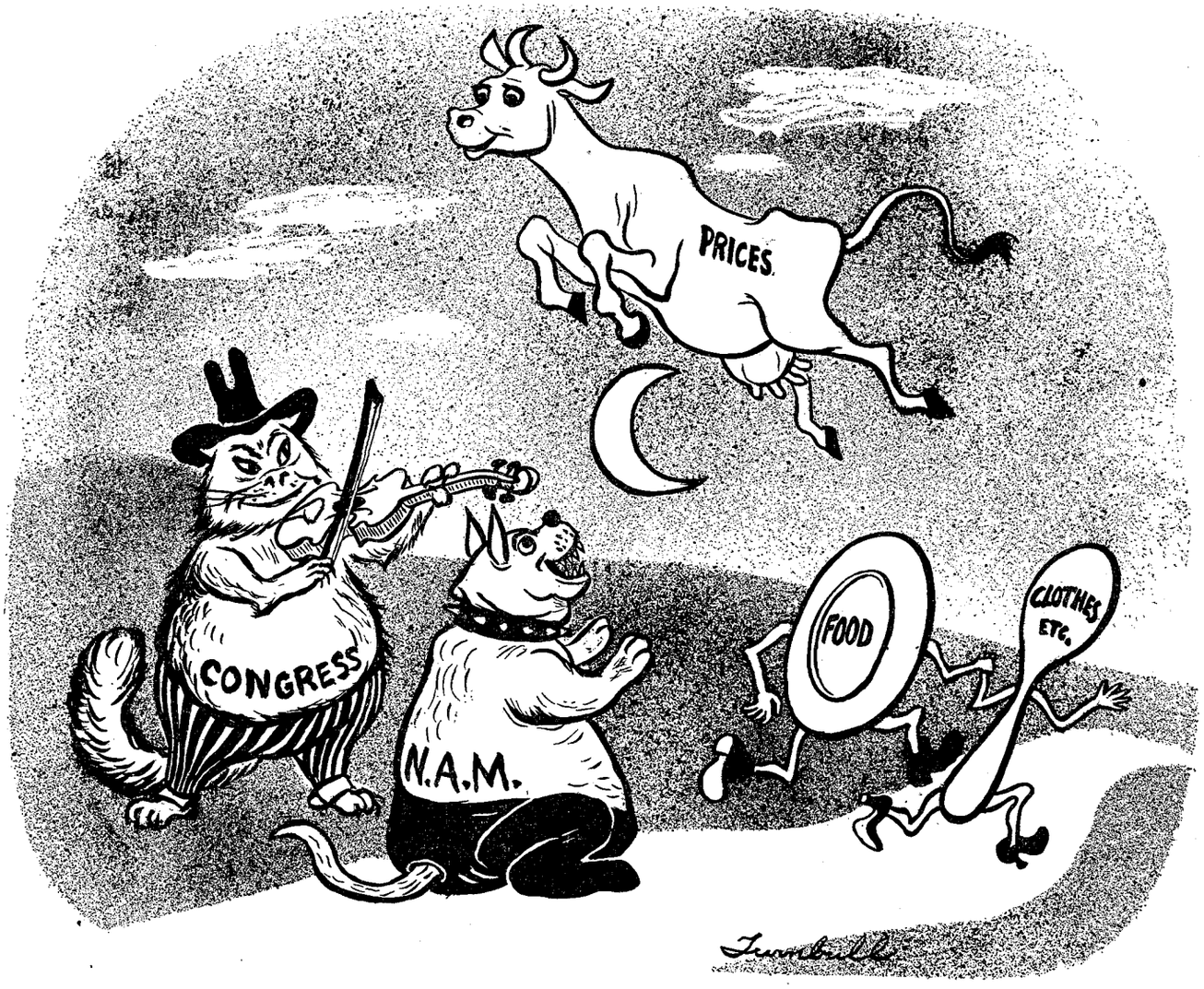
Tinto Copper mines with German and Spanish fascists all during the war. Could it be that while Britain pursues a socialistic path at home she is willing to overcome her principles if property abroad is involved? I don't know. But I can think of no other reason for the absurd name-calling that Britain does. Britain has shown us that no nation in the world can exceed or equal her in courage—that is, in wartime. But now a different kind of courage is called for, and no citizen of Britain or of America can be proud of the showing our two countries are making.

FASCISM is a grotesque philosophy. Anyone who has lost his own soul feels that he must gain the whole world. The doom of such a one can be long delayed, but eventually a mysterious and moving finger writes its compelling message on the wall and then there is no appeal. The forces against tyranny may gather slowly, but they can strike with the speed and fury of a hurricane. And the proud ones who boast and threaten and lust for power must watch the split seconds on the stopwatch of time.

Since the beginning of time, tyranny has always built great and massive walls, but history tells us that eventually those walls come tumbling down. Jericho was a mighty city and from its battlements the warriors watched the forces of Joshua, and the warriors of the great King laughed because for six days no spear was leveled at them. It seemed to the warriors that the hosts of Israel were meek and afraid, and they laughed with contempt. For years Franco and his warriors have laughed at the forces of democracy and with guile and soft words have kept them from leveling their spears. Franco must have thought us to be very meek and submissive and afraid.

But there will come a seventh day just as a seventh day came to Jericho. On that day the trumpets of Joshua sounded and the people of Israel heard him cry, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." And they shouted in exaltation and they shouted in unison and the walls of Jericho came tumbling down. It is ordained that when free men unite in a righteous cause that their cause shall prevail. It has always been thus.

Books can be burned, men can be tortured and their lifeless bodies thrown into pits, cities can be leveled and free speech stifled, but neither fire nor flame nor torture can make an end to liberty. The wall of Nazi tyranny was tall and thick and manned by mighty warriors and upon it floated the sinister emblem of fascism, but when the people of the world united and with a mighty shout advanced upon that wall of tyranny, it soon came tumbling down. And so it will be with Franco.



High diddle diddle . . .

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HOW VANYA BECOMES AN ARTIST

How are Soviet artists developed? How do they sell their work? Who are their customers? First-hand observations of a noted American artist.

By LOUIS LOZOWICK

IVAN PETROVICH SHUBIN—Vanya, for short—was born in Moscow, but his subsequent career, allowing for variations of a local character, would have been similar had he been born in Alma-Ata, Kiev or Tashkent.

At the nursery Vanya played games with all sorts of colored objects—blocks, ribbons and cylinders—especially designed and assorted to develop the child's sense of color and rhythm. During his four years in the kindergarden (four to eight) his native gifts were further encouraged. Like most children everywhere Vanya loved to play with brushes and paints and splash color around. There was no attempt to interfere with any direction his particular fancy might take but a counsellor was at hand to offer help, to discuss ideas chosen for painting, and to arrange excursions for him and the other children in his class.

At the age of eight Vanya entered the *diesiatiletka*, the ten-year school. Here the rudiments of art—painting and drawing—were taught not to the gifted alone but to all pupils, for their general usefulness. But Vanya wanted more. His interest in art did not abate, as was the case with some other children, but grew with age and exercise. And so Vanya became the object of special care both in the school and outside.

He joined an izo-kruzhok, an art circle for children which worked closely with two typical Soviet institutions: the Palace of the Pioneer and the House (for the Artistic Training) of the Child. Vanya and his school companions flocked to the Palace because there they could indulge their every fancy: play games, exercise in sport; putter around in a physical and chemical laboratory with all kinds of mechanical appliances, retorts, motors; go into the music room fitted up with various musical instruments and a concert stage; borrow their favorite book of fairy tales from the well stocked library; play around with film, camera, developer; or make use of the artist's studio with its easel, paints, paper, brushes and other materials.

More far-reaching in influence was the House of the Child. This was a vast museum, artist's studio, theater, concert hall, library and above all an experimental station, combined. Here a staff of artists, teachers, psychologists, authorities in the theory and practice of education, devised methods of working with children, prepared schedules for, and offered every assistance to, dozens of children's schools. The House had a permanent collection of several hundred thousand works by children from the republics of the Soviet Union, the countries of Europe, Asia and America. It organized many small exhibitions of children's work: sketches made on excursions, illustrations of Andersen's fairy tales or Krylov's fables. Its biggest exhibitions were the annual Olympiads of works contributed by children from all parts of the Soviet Union or from a single republic. Awards were made for meritorious work and youthful artists were chosen from distant parts to visit each other's circle and be entertained at the Palace of the Pioneer. Vanya was, of course, in the thick of these activities.

His continued absorption in art induced his parents, in consultation with the boy and the teachers, to give him a systematic education in art. When he reached the age of twelve, *i.e.*, in the fifth year of the *diesiatiletka*, he had a choice between entering an art school for gifted children which he could attend after his regular school hours, or continuing his *diesiatiletka* with an *izo-uklon*, *i.e.*, with art as a major subject. He chose the latter. From his fifth year on he devoted an increasing number of hours to art studies, his entire school term being extended from ten to eleven years. On graduation he could still change his mind and take up another career. But he did not. Accordingly, he is now attending a higher art institution. In his fifth and last year he will work in consultation with one of his immediate instructors on a graduation "diploma" composition, after which he will go forth into the world to meet his public.

WHEN Vanya (or Ivan Petrovich, as he is now more frequently being addresed) is finally ready to start his independent career of artist he will come face to face with several institutions—some new, some old, but all adapted to contemporary Soviet conditions—within whose orbit the artist functions and which give substance to the constitutional guarantee of universal employment. As the need for artists is greater than the available supply, he will have no trouble disposing of his pictures. If, however, he should meet with some difficulties at first, he will be able to draw on a fund provided for just such cases.

First of all he will join *Rabis*, the Artists Union, if only as a matter of self-interest, *Rabis* takes care of the artist's economic needs, participates in the determination of salaries and the drafting of agreements, insures its members against sickness and accidents, supervises the distribution of social security allotments and administers the smaller fund from which an artist may borrow. It builds restaurants, kindergartens, playgrounds. It operates a network of summer resorts and hotels for the use of its membership throughout the country, and provides recreational, sports and educational facilities. It also exercises art patronage over the Red Army and the Red Fleet.

At the same time Ivan will want to exchange experiences and information with his fellow artists on their common creative problems. This opportunity is provided by the Federation of Soviet Artists. The Federation is distinct from the Union in that it deals with creative problems only. It calls special conferences to discuss such subjects as monumental sculpture, mural painting, the function of illustration, realism versus naturalism, etc.;

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"The Metro," woodcut by the Soviet artist Vladimir Favorsky.

it arranges discussion evenings on some current exhibition, and provides a forum for the artist to tell of his work in progress. The Federation also arranges exchange visits with artists from other cities or republics; keeps records of all contemporary art events; selects members for art juries; assists the House of the Child and another typically Soviet institution, the House of Amateur Art, and helps to work out schedules for art schools.

But who is Ivan's potential customer? Who is the art consumer? One answer would be: the government. But this is true only in part. It would be more correct to say: the entire people, as represented by workers' clubs, universities, trade unions, factories, collective farms, restaurants, public baths, regional Soviets, museums, and —on a small scale—private individuals.

Most of the artist's work is in any case not sold through exhibitions but in other ways. One of them, for example, takes the form of a *commandirovka,* or commission. The artist is offered a free trip to some part of the Soviet Union. He chooses, say, Uzbekistan. He visits Tashkent, Samarkand, Bukhara. He observes the contrast between the disappearing old and the emerging new life; or perhaps he prefers to paint landscapes. He makes sketches, notes or finished paintings. If, returning from his trip, he decides against accepting the commission, he has at least had a free vacation. If he accepts the commission, an agreement is signed for the painting of a definite number of pictures at a price which varies with the size of the picture and the reputation of the artist.

A second form of employment is on the basis of a contract—*contractatsia.* The artist undertakes to produce a certain number of pictures in a given period, generally a year. He receives a monthly fee. All the work produced above the quota is his own. At the expiration of the term, one jury passes on the acceptability of the work, another determines its price. The artist receives the difference between the sum paid out to him in monthly installments and the sum decided on by the jury.

Sometimes the artist is invited to decorate the dining or assembly room in some workers' club. Or again, a representative from a small provincial museum will drop into the artist's studio to buy a picture or two for his growing collection. Not infrequently an artist will try his hand at stage design or book illustration.

The Soviet artist is not only a favorite child of the Soviet Union—he occasionally acts like a spoiled child. The organ of the Artists Union used to publish lists of artists who had overdrawn large sums of money on their contracts—fifteen, twenty, thirty thousand rubles and more. The war put a stop to this practice.

Even as a student Ivan had num-

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berless occasions to note that the Soviet artist is not limited to his own professional circle but is integrated in the life of the country on a basis of reciprocity: the artist shares with the people his own interests and achievements, and the people furnish him an eager audience—an audience, moreover, which in large masses itself participates in the practice of art. The House of Amateur Art and its tens of thousands of members throughout the country; the "decades"—ten-day festivals dedicated to the art of one of the constituent or autonomous republics (Armenian, Buryat-Mongol, Uzbek, etc.); the art patronage of the collective farm, factory, Red Army—these and other institutions tend to bind the artist and the people by a thousand threads. Ivan Petrovich may look to the future with confidence. His will be a life without artistic frustration or economic insecurity.

WHOSE DILEMMA?

The moral and material factors of the Negro question in America: opposing views presented by Horace R. Cayton and Herbert Aptheker.

Widespread interest was aroused by the article "A Liberal Dilemma," by Herbert Aptheker, which we published on May 14. The author sharply criticized the analysis of the Negro question as presented by Gunnar Myrdal in his book entitled "An American Dilemma: The Negro People and American Democracy," and other works. We publish herewith a rejoinder by Horace R. Cayton, director of Parkway Community House, Chicago, together with a comment by Dr. Aptheker. Further discussion of this subject will appear in future issues.—The Editors.

ALL responsible writers expect and welcome criticism of their work. And all writers know that there is a tendency on the part of critics to assign them to various schools of thought which often tends to force and distort their point of view. In writing *Black Metropolis*, however, we never thought that we would be consigned to the camp of the Southern reactionaries. Yet Dr. Herbert Aptheker, in a recent article in NEW MASSES, has pigeonholed us in that malodorous company. This he accomplishes when he accuses the authors, and Richard Wright who wrote the introduction to our book (along with Gunnar Myrdal), of defeatism and refers to "the lamentations of Drake and Cayton as to the alleged moral flabbiness of America, and their fear that the race question is insoluble." Of them he says "here we have, in somewhat elevated language, the same basic ideas as those of Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, David Cohen—and Bilbo and Rankin." To bracket any of the four writers with these men's names is intemperate petulance.

Aptheker, it appears, is alarmed at the influence of an alleged "new school" on the Negro question—the Myrdal School. Its founder, we are told, is Gunnar Myrdal, Swedish economist, and among its members are Richard Wright, St. Clair Drake, and Horace R. Cayton. The school? It is non-existent. As for Drake, an anthropologist, and Cayton, a sociologist, we as authors utilize the concepts and employ the disciplines of many schools of thought, including the Marxist. The eclectic nature of the methods employed in *Black Metropolis* constitutes, we believe, its peculiar contribution to the literature in the field.

But without debating the obvious uncritical lumping of a novelist, anthropologist and sociologist with an economist's so-called school of thought, we shall point out Aptheker's critical irresponsibility has led him to distort the meaning of the passage referred to. He has torn them completely from a context in which the specific problem of Negro-white relations during the war was being discussed. We feel justified in quoting at length these passages which are neither elevated in language nor fascist in tone as Aptheker describes them:

Deckinger.

"Unable to deal with or even face the moral issue involved, America stood frozen and paralyzed before its Negro problem. . . . Nothing illustrates better the confusion and impotence that existed in race relations than the Detroit riot. The government knew, as did all the reading public, that it was just a question of time before racial violence would break out in Detroit. All the evidence was before the people, but the government, the labor unions, the churches, and the solid citizens were powerless to do anything about it. So a society convulsed by fear found itself not only unable to act rationally but unable to act at all. . . . Let us return to Bronzeville. It is conceivable that the Negro question—given the moral flabbiness of America—is incapable of solution. Perhaps not all social problems are soluble. Indeed it is only in America that one finds the imperative to assume that all social problems can be solved without conflict. To feel that a social problem cannot be solved peacefully is considered almost immoral [an obvious reference to liberals]. Americans are required to appear cheerful and optimistic about a solution regardless of evidence to the contrary. . . . So far, most Chicagoans view Negro-white relations negatively—solely in terms of preventing a riot. While all responsible Negroes try to

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prevent violent conflict, their primary interest is in the complete abolition of political and economic subordination and enforced segregation. . . . The problems that arise on Bronzeville's 47th Street encircle the globe. But the people of Black Metropolis and Midwest Metropolis do not feel that this relieves them from maintaining their own constant struggle for a complete democracy as the only way to attain the world we say we want to build."

DR. APTHEKER is interested in ultimate solutions and naturally champions socialism. We were not discussing whether socialism would solve the race problem. We were discussing the probability of avoiding race riots, and given the temper of Negroes and the "moral flabbiness" of white persons in high places and low, the prospects seemed pretty bleak.

Apparently because we used the word "moral," Dr. Aptheker concludes that "to Myrdal and Drake and Cayton and Wright the Negro question is primarily a moral issue." One could make out a very good case to show that this is an oversimplification of Myrdal and Wright's position, but here we are concerned mainly with our own views. That Aptheker makes such a statement in NEW MASSES is no accident. It is a restatement of a position he recently took in a full-scale review in *Science and Society*. In both instances he singles out isolated passages in the last five pages of the book where we are dealing with current, topical issues, to make his point.

Black Metropolis is a large book—over 800 pages. It is introduced by a philosophical essay by Richard Wright and ends with a Methodological Note by Professor W. Lloyd Warner. In between are twenty four chapters written by the authors, all of which Dr. Aptheker ignores, except the last. Clarity of criticism certainly demands a more balanced evaluation than this.

Not a word does he have to say, pro or con, about the treatment of the early abolitionist struggles which unified Negroes and whites in their resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law. No critical estimate of how well (or ill) the authors have dealt with the great economic forces underlying the Flight to Freedom, The Great Migration, the Race Riot and Aftermath. Silent is the Doctor about the way in which the authors have dissected the strands of economic interest that bind and compress over 300,000 Negroes in a

Helen West Heller.

Black Ghetto of a few square miles or the job ceiling which dooms the masses of the Negroes to menial employment. And one would have thought that a Marxist critic's attention would be drawn to the story of the dramatic rise of the CIO to which the authors devote a chapter, or to the role of progressive forces in the Negro community and in Chicago political action. Aptheker has a blind spot or is not interested in the discussion of the structure of the Negro community itself, where club and church, business and politics are subjected to the dual pressures of economic deprivation and race prejudice. A book which relates the desperate struggle of people during a depression, and which describes the impact of a boom period on the community, should be grist for a Marxist's mill. Of a report on the labors of several hundred people over a period of six years—constituting a factual documentation of Negro life and Negro-white relations—Dr. Aptheker has eyes only for five of its 804 pages.

None of the data referred to above has anything to do with whether or not there is an "American Dilemma." The book is a report on a typical Northern urban community. If Aptheker had been really concerned with what the authors think about the mechanisms of social change he might have read the chapter on "The Shifting Line of Color." There we state explicitly that we consider economic necessity and political expediency to be the prime movers, and that status pressures and ideological beliefs play an important but not decisive part in social change. Ironically enough, one of Myrdal's collaborators in a recent *American Journal of Sociology* review calls this formulation "controversial" and implies that it is too "materialistic." If there is a so-called Myrdal "line" we were not following it, apparently.

Dr. Aptheker's main intellectual preoccupation, in this historical period, seems to be the launching of an attack on the concept of the "American Dilemma" as stated by Myrdal—an idea which he labors to point out as resolving the Negro problem into a "moral" rather than a "material" one. Without claiming any membership in a school, we do feel that this conception helps us to understand the kind of world we live in. We used it in our last chapter, a section that must be read against the background of USA 1944-45 (just as Aptheker's present article must be read as of 1946). What was that background?

America was fighting a war against fascism while guilty of fascist practices at home. One-tenth of that country's population was seething with bitterness and expressing its discontent in a thousand and one ways, including some very militant action—a threatened march on Washington, mutinies and near-mutinies in the armed forces, strikes against Jim Crow in war plants, and defensive riots in the city streets. At the same time, the Negro people's two most vocal allies—the liberals and the Communists—were advising "caution" and "patience" lest the war effort be harmed. Few honest liberals will deny that this was true of their group. The Communists by their own "post-Browder" statements have admitted that the "struggle for Negro liberation" was not pursued with old-time vigor during the war. This situation, we assume, is what led Richard Wright to charge that "both the political Left and the political Right" were trying "to change the Negro problem into something they can control." This most certainly was what we had in mind when we wrote our final chapter.

Now, would even Dr. Aptheker, using the Webster definition of dilemma (which incidentally is a pretty rigid one for a word used in common parlance to mean "perplexity") deny that white liberals and Communists were in a dilemma—were "in a situation involving choice . . . between equally unsatisfactory alternatives"? To encourage Negro militancy on a mass scale might jeopardize the war effort. To ask Negroes to keep quiet seemed a betrayal of the ideals for which the

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war was being fought. Both liberals and Communists tried to resolve the dilemma by advising Negroes to "go slow." From the perspective of many Negroes this seemed to be "moral flabbiness."

Aptheker may state categorically that "there is no American dilemma for believers in democracy and full rights for all people." If, however, he will read the unvarnished revelations in *Black Metropolis* of people who want to act toward Negroes as equals but who are caught in the trap of economic interest, social pressure, familial or patriotic loyalties, he will certainly have to narrow his circle of "believers" down to a very small sect. To understand this prevalent contradiction in our culture between an individual's democratic impulses and the pressures of an undemocratic society is not only the essence of sociological insight; it is also the beginning of political wisdom. It is the key to what we mean when we say there is a "moral side" to the Negro problem.

Why do we write pamphlets; why do we hold mass meetings; why do we circulate petitions; why do we write books; why do left-wingers needle liberals, and liberals put pressure on conservatives—if not in the hope that some individuals can be brought to resolve a dilemma by making a moral choice? The most confirmed economic determinists act as if men can make decisions, as if they can make moral choices. (Historical materialism may explain social change and the movements of people in the mass. It can't explain individual choice, e. g., why Marx became a revolutionary instead of a mild college professor; why Ben Davis chose to be a Communist instead of a member of the Black Cabinet; or why Aptheker writes about Negro slave revolts instead of Ceramic Art in the Ming Dynasty. Obviously something more than economic theory is necessary to explain individual behavior.)

The only justification for writing about the Negro question is to help individuals resolve their dilemmas in action. So writers (including Aptheker and Wright, Myrdal, Drake and Cayton) shame them, enrage them, encourage them, and appeal to patriotism, class solidarity, idealism, etc. They even terrify them by pointing out the certain doom that awaits the social order unless we act now to change it. We force individuals to choose between the actual discomfort of a guilty conscience and the feared discomfort of inconvenience, and often danger, of taking a firm stand for social justice. We try to make one of two equally unsatisfactory alternatives less unsatisfactory.

THERE are societies in which there is no moral dilemma. Such societies are fascist. Were there no moral dilemma in America the logical solution to the Negro problem might be, for a dominant majority who feared them as competitors, to exterminate Negroes. (Even Bilbo has some dilemma or he would suggest this rather than just expelling them from the country.) The difference between an indoctrinated Nazi and an average American is that the latter has been taught to believe that "All Men are Created Equal" and he is consciously or unconsciously disturbed at the conflict between this doctrine and reality. The recognition of this dilemma (whether they admit it explicitly or not) is the only thing that gives any meaning to the propaganda activities of the Left.

To say that economic and political forces are decisive in the long run is not at all inconsistent with saying that *individuals* face the Negro problem as a moral dilemma. Only what Engels called "vulgar" Marxists would deny that "superstructure" influences day-by-day behavior, or that "ideology" (i.e. the moral factor) is not extremely important.

We were convinced that during the war in northern urban communities, where the whole society is not organized in terms of keeping Negroes in their place, far-reaching changes could have been made in the status of Negroes if more individuals had been forced to resolve their dilemmas by action.

The problems raised in this discussion are not unfamiliar to NEW MASSES readers. The recent lively controversy over the role of the writer in modern society, and the differences of opinion expressed by Corliss Lamont and John Stuart over Schumann's book indicate some dissatisfaction with the narrow canons of criticism used by the Left. Several articles on psychoanalysis, however, indicate some desire to understand the motivations of individual behavior. Sociology and anthropology also offer an aid to a more penetrating analysis of modern life.

Nevertheless, there are difficulties when experts in one field try to use the concepts of a discipline with which they are not familiar, because the common sense and dictionary definitions of a word are not always the same as the usage of the social scientist. Aptheker, a historian, not only reveals this in his discussion of the "American Dilemma," but also in his facile reference to the American "caste-class system." He has apparently adopted these terms with approval, yet as they are used by anthropologists and sociologists they are really far less congenial to his point of view than the concept of the "dilemma." Those American scholars who have popularized these terms do not use *class* to mean "relationship to the means of production," and the concept of *caste* certainly does not fit the facts of Negro-white unity in many areas of our life.

Cross-fertilization of ideas is useful, but certainly calls for a wider knowledge of the non-historical social sciences than Dr. Aptheker has displayed. Before releasing his "forthcoming longer work" he should familiarize himself with the conceptual structure of the disciplines he assays to criticize.

HORACE R. CAYTON.

REPLY TO MR. CAYTON

ABOUT a fourth of Mr. Cayton's communication concerning my attack upon the Myrdal treatment of the Negro question deals with a review of *Black Metropolis* published in *Science and Society*. Since this is largely irrelevant to the point at issue I dismiss it with this remark: how Mr. Cayton can state that I ignore, in that review, everything but "five of its 804 pages" passes my understanding, for there I declare the book to be "the most complete description in existence of northern Negro life," and state that, "As a compilation and presentation of data the work is a model of clarity, judiciousness and exhaustiveness," and go on to summarize, as concisely as space limitations required, the contents of those 800 pages. Reading these remarks, and rereading my own original NEW MASSES article, demonstrates that Mr. Cayton is wrong in asserting that we have "consigned him to the camp of the Southern reactionaries."

Analytically, however, the work of Cayton and Drake, and particularly its introduction by Wright, accepts the formulations of Myrdal. Mr. Wright explicitly notes this fact for he remarks (p. xxix) that "this book supplements and endorses the conclusions arrived at

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by Gunnar Myrdal in his *American Dilemma*, that monumental study of race relations in the United States." Moreover, in the text of the book itself (p. 125) one is informed that the "monumental study of Negro-white relations in the United States, *An American Dilemma*, is accepted as definitive." It would appear, then, if language has any precise meaning at all (in this connection Mr. Cayton's cavalier dismissal of the dictionary is rather bewildering) that my "lumping of a novelist, anthropologist, and sociologist" is not so "obviously uncritical" as Mr. Cayton affects to believe.

As for tearing quotations from their context, I refer the reader to Mr. Cayton's own selection from his book. It is impossible to believe that in the section of his quotation beginning with "It is conceivable that the Negro question" and ending with "is considered almost immoral" he was discussing merely "the probability of avoiding race riots." If, once again, words mean anything at all, Mr. Cayton there was discussing, as he declares, "the Negro question" and it is this question that he finds may be "incapable of solution." Certainly, those are his words.

To say that I have "oversimplified" Myrdal's position by stating that he holds that "the Negro question is primarily a moral issue" is absurd, for Myrdal repeats this assertion *ad infinitum*, and, indeed, his introduction is entitled "The Negro Problem as a Moral Issue." Substantiation is offered on this point by Mr. Cayton himself, for he points out that a Myrdal collaborator found passages of *Black Metropolis* too "materialistic" and in conflict, therefore, with the Swedish economist's philosophy. This is correct, and it is a contradiction pointed out by me in the *Science and Society* review.

Mr. Cayton asks whether "even" I would deny that, in the war period, progressives "were in a dilemma—in a situation involving choice . . . between equally unsatisfactory alternatives." Certainly, I deny that this was a dilemma, that here one had "equally unsatisfactory alternatives." Had they been equally unsatisfactory, a solution, either theoretical or practical, would not have existed for these progressives.

They decided that it was *preferable* to diminish the pressure for the immediate realization of full equality for the Negro people because they were alarmed lest this might interfere with the fullest prosecution of the effort to destroy on the field of battle the legions of Hitler and Hirohito. My opinion was and is that the implementation of this policy left much to be desired, and that it was pushed frequently far to excess. I said that, publicly and privately at the time, and in my own writings, and in my actions (with both Negro and white troops, in the South and in Europe) conducted myself accordingly—a mode of behavior which, as Cayton and Drake aptly point out in their own book, was fairly widespread among many individuals.

But let us get to the root of the issue between Cayton and me. Cayton makes the moral factor synonymous with ideology, and one must assume that in doing so he is once again, somewhat arbitrarily, ignoring the dictionary. He will, perhaps, forgive me if I adhere to my preference for Webster rather than Cayton on questions of semantics.

Ideology is a system of ideas, a philosophy. One ideology or philosophy holds that ideas are basic causal forces, that ideas themselves form the only reality. Another ideology holds that existence is real, that matter, the physical world are real, exist prior to the idea, and that the idea springs from the concrete fact and the act. These philosophies are, respectively, idealism and materialism. Gunnar Myrdal explicitly renounces materialism, and explicitly embraces idealism.

As a result of this choice Myrdal considers the Negro question—the oppression of the Negro—to be due to innumerable, frequently inexplicable causes and to the opinions and ideas of individuals. Specifically, he feels it springs from a vicious circle (an important component of which is the alleged "inferiority" of the Negro) whose beginning and whose end no man can perceive.

It is in this sense that Myrdal declares the Negro question, in its origin, to be due to some mystical moral quality, to some "feeling in the blood," to some irrational loathing, to some unaccountably derived *ideas* in the brains of most white people. Given this alleged spiritual corruption, Myrdal's work is permeated with the crassest slanders of the masses—and particularly of the Negro masses.

As a consequence, his political dynamics flow from the rich, from the top, down, and he specifically warns the rulers of America that unless they seriously adopt this tactic, and capture the Negro elite and placate them, and themselves institute and administer surface reforms, the masses may seize the initiative, in which case the *status quo* would be overthrown, and this would be ultimate disaster.

This is Myrdal's message, and it is surrounded, as it must be, with the most amazing collection of serious factual errors in the fields of history, sociology and psychology that this writer has ever seen between the covers of a single, supposedly serious—not to say scientific—work.

Mr. Cayton lectures me on "why do we write pamphlets, why do we hold mass meetings," etc., as though I did not specifically affirm in the article in question that *we do not renounce any instrumentality* in our efforts to resolve the Negro question—that is, to free the Negro people from the oppression with which the ruling classes of America have crucified them for over three centuries. But we insist that that oppression is an instrument for material ends—for wealth and power—that it results from the material organization and the actual history of our society, and that from these roots spring the poison infecting the brains of so many Americans.

This is why, in absolute opposition to the tactic of Myrdal, our dynamics for change—not "reform"—are premised upon the demands, needs and activities of the masses themselves and not upon the machinations and handouts of what Myrdal calls their "best friends," i.e., the "enlightened" rich.

Mr. Cayton may disagree. In fact, since he states that the Myrdal study is "definitive" it is obvious that he does disagree. But, so far am I from being an economic determinist (and I was astounded to see Mr. Cayton repeat the thousand-times refuted nonsense equating economic determinism and Marxism) that I will persist in my efforts to convince him that his evaluation of Myrdal is wrong, even though such conviction may not be personally advantageous to him.

The work on Myrdal that Mr. Cayton advises me not to release is now in the process of publication, and I shall not halt it. I do hope, however, that upon its appearance Mr. Cayton will favor me with a critical evaluation, and will be somewhat more specific than he is in the above communication in pointing out precisely in what germane fields and of what relevant literature I am so abysmally ignorant.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

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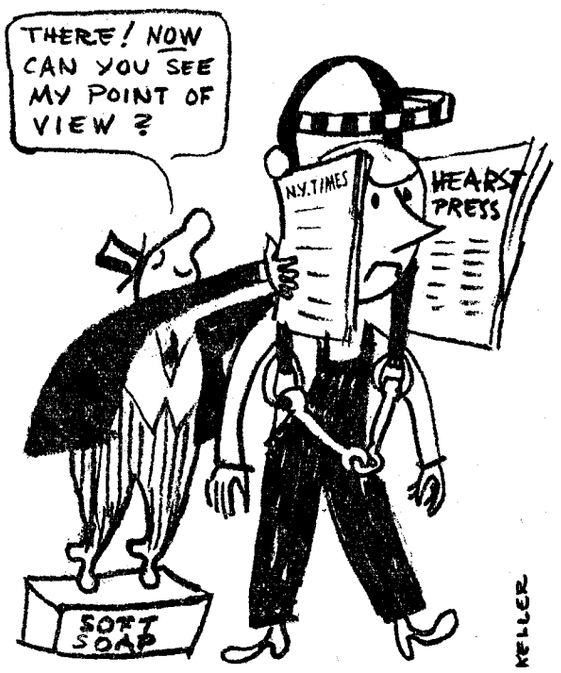
MOVE OVER, MR. EASTMAN

An Editorial by A. B. MAGIL

"NO FOREIGNER," writes Brooks Atkinson, former New York *Times* correspondent in Moscow, in the first of a series of three articles (July 7, 8, 9), "knows much about what goes on throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union; as Paul Winterton has expressed it, there are only varying degrees of ignorance about the Soviet Union." What Atkinson proves in several thousand well-paid words is that his own degree is considerable.

The Atkinson series is remarkable in its own way. The three articles consist exclusively of a succession of generalized assertions without a single fact or even a single personal experience to support them. Though Atkinson spent ten months in the USSR, the end product would have been the same if he had stayed at home and simply dredged up the intellectual sewage of Eugene Lyons, Max Eastman, William Henry Chamberlin and similar polluters of the public mind. The level of his first-hand knowledge of the Soviet domestic scene may be judged from the following: "No one knows how many million political prisoners are now living in jail or in exile. The estimates run all the way from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000." (Whose estimates?) And from his expert study of Russia's role in international affairs he returns with the revelation that "there is reason to believe that they [the Soviet government and the Soviet Communist Party] are meddling in the politics of France by subsidizing and advising the French Communist Party." (Just what reason is there to believe this except Atkinson's own unreasoning readiness to believe any anti-Soviet canard?)

Apart from its political content, this series, which, according to the *Times*, is "about conditions inside the Soviet Union," as a piece of reporting is so exceedingly low-grade that it is a libel on the journalistic craft. If the *Times* sent a reporter to Chicago for a week and he returned with any such pseudo-philosophic *katzenjammer*, he would be fired.



The gist of Atkinson's tedious homily is that the Soviet people are admirable, but that their government is evil and "totalitarian," tyrannical at home and abroad, moved by irrational distrust of all foreigners and all other governments, and that between the United States and the Soviet Union there can be no friendship and "the most we can hope for is an armed peace for the next few years." Let's examine this argument.

Atkinson concedes that "the government is not imposed on the people against their will," that "the people seem to believe in their government," and that "the people of the Soviet Union generally trust and respect the wisdom and integrity of their leaders." And concerning the Soviet people he has previously told us: "You can trust their strength, native intelligence and courage." How, then, explain this people's perverse faith in a government which Atkinson assures us is "actually the dictatorship of the thirteen members of the Politburo of the Communist Party"? He doesn't. Caught in the booby-trap set by his own eagerness to defame and falsify, Atkinson resorts to abuse of those whom he pretends to admire. "Like people everywhere," he writes, "including the United States, the people of the Soviet Union are getting the government they deserve." And with that contemptuous flourish the gentleman from the superior civilization turns to weightier matters.

Yes, the Soviet people are in truth getting the government they deserve—but in quite a different sense than intended in Atkinson's gibe. Twenty-nine years ago this people, led by its magnificent workingclass vanguard, the Communist Party, showed the strength, intelligence and courage to finish for all time with czarism and capitalism and to open a new epoch in mankind's struggle toward democracy and freedom —the epoch of socialism. Throughout these years the strength, intelligence and courage of the Russian people have been further tested and deepened in the defensive war against foreign intervention and domestic counter-revolution, the struggle against famine and economic ruin, the vast industrialization and collectivization projects of the epic Five-Year Plans, the cultural revolution effected throughout a country of some 185 nations and national groups, the anti-Nazi war that crushed the world's mightiest military machine, and now the massive labor of reconstruction in a land wounded and ravaged as no other.

Only a government sprung out of their own loins could have led this people to victory in so many difficult trials. Only a government which was the political expression of the new economic relations, of the collective ownership of the means of production—a government representing a new level of democracy uninfluenced by big business exploiters and their profit-lust—only such a government could have retained the confidence, loyalty and devotion of so great a people. It is to his lasting credit that an intelligent capitalist observer, the late Wendell Willkie, despite his strong prejudices in favor of the system that brought him wealth and power, did succeed in grasping something of the true relationship between the Soviet people and their government when he declared that our Russian allies "have shown, by the skill and by the fortitude with which they have been fighting the Nazis that their own system of government, whether we

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like it or not, has the tough and sinewy strength which comes not from leaders, but only from the people."

The ten months that Brooks Atkinson spent in the Soviet Union were the ten months after V-J Day. He saw the stricken land beginning to rise, he saw the energy and purposefulness of a people united by a common goal, he saw what his successor as the *Times* Moscow correspondent, Drew Middleton, describes in the very issue in which Atkinson's first article appears: "Despite the hardships of war, some of which have carried over into peace in the form of continued rationing and shortages of consumer goods, the city [Moscow] is alive with hope. In this it differs from Paris or Oslo, where young people talk of getting away from their country and making a fresh start. In Moscow they talk of their future in their own country, an expanding, richer future." But all this only bored Brooks Atkinson. For this former dramatic critic of the *Times* it was a dull show, particularly since his favorite protagonist, monopoly capital, wasn't even given a minor part. And so he blames his own inner sterility on Soviet life. This professional dilettante hands down the judgment that Soviet culture is "a bloodless, old-fashioned, petit-bourgeois culture," and that "there is no vitality in the arts; they are reactionary and moribund." It's too bad that men like Sholokhov, Leonov, Ehrenburg, Shostakovitch, Prokofiev persist in being oblivious to the fact that they are really "reactionary and moribund" and, worse still, "petit-bourgeois." And so after ten months in the land of socialism Brooks Atkinson is confirmed in his prejudices.

All of which would be enormously unimportant were it not for the fact that these stupidities are the peg on which Atkinson and the *Times* hang an attack on the idea of friendship and genuine cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union. In our relations with the USSR Atkinson advises that we "apply equal power in the opposite direction." This is the counsel of intensified atomic diplomacy and aggressive preparation for war. This policy, which is being actively pursued by the Truman administration and its Republican collaborators, far from representing our national interest, is even more dangerously anti-American than it is anti-Soviet. For the Soviet people, because they control their economy and their government, are in a far better position to defend themselves against reaction than are the American people. And it is we, even more urgently than the Russians, who require that friendly cooperation of the two most powerful nations in the world without which so many Americans will find only the peace of the grave.

LOADED DICE

An Editorial by JOSEPH NORTH

IT MAY well be in order, we feel, to demand a Gallup poll on the Gallup poll. But we would like somebody other than Dr. Gallup to frame the question. Here is why.

Dr. Gallup has achieved standing in the country as a scientific analyst of that powerful entity, public opinion; and, with many notable exceptions, has beguiled the people into accepting the belief that he possesses that *sine qua non* of his newfangled profession—objectivity. Without that fundamental his findings would be regarded as synonymous with a handout from some notorious lobby, say that of the National Association of Manufacturers.

We believe, and we have said so more than once, that the doctor's objectivity is more than suspect. We shall not, now, enter into a discussion of his technique, his method, of tapping the populace's frame of mind. We simply want to highlight one aspect of his procedure, which, we feel, irreparably damages his entire system—i.e. the manner in which he frames his questions. We believe he is the arch-master of the loaded question. We contend that his role is more akin to that of the prosecuting attorney than that of honest reporter in the great court of public opinion.

Several days ago the press carried accounts of his poll which asked, "What do you think should be done about the Communists in this country?" Implicit in the phrasing of this question is an attitude: *viz.*, that the Communists represent some kind of illegal force and that public action should be sought against them.

This attitude has nothing in common with truth; for the reality is that the Communists are legal in America, a fact that the Constitution itself guarantees and which was further substantiated by a Supreme Court ruling on the Schneiderman case a year ago—just in case Dr. Gallup is unaware of it. And millions of organized workmen know the Communists—have seen them in action—and know them as a progressive, and integral, part of the labor movement.

Now, according to Mr. Gallup, the poll indicated that thirty-six percent of the people supported "strong measures" against the Communists, measures, we are told, that include the following actions: "Get rid of them, report them, jail them, *shoot them.*" Yes, "shoot them." Shades of the late Herren Himmler and Goebbels!

We want here to point up another aspect of this poll: the publication of these "results," and under Gallup's name, constitutes propaganda of a most perilous nature. The minds of millions of Americans are being directly pressured, in no subtle manner, to "do something" about the Communists. The publication of this poll helps engender a climate in the country of violence, of terrorism against political minorities which later can embrace vast majorities. At this point one may, with reason, seek a connection between this and Attorney General Clark's recent animadversions against "Communists and radicals" and his tricky but transparent peroration that the "patience" of the American people is being "sorely tried" by them. Is it mere coincidence that the "objective" findings of Dr. Gallup and the apoplectic opinions of Mr. Clark appear simultaneously? Is it pure accident that simultaneously Joseph Stack, head of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, calls for draconic actions against Communists, that Cardinal Spellman does likewise in the *American* magazine, that—well, the list is too long to cite here and you have undoubtedly encountered most of the stuff in the daily press.

The objectivity of people like Cardinal Spellman is no moot question. But the Attorney General is supposed to serve as watchdog of America's constitutional guarantees. And Mr. Gallup, with a zealously guarded "reputation" for objectivity, is supposed to grind no axe, merely to ascertain and report scientifically upon the state of the people's mind on current issues.

For these ample reasons we propose a poll on the Gallup poll. Which means minus Dr. Gallup, of course.

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LIBERATORS

In the first days after the Leyte landings there was a warm friendship between the troops and the Filipinos. But then things began to happen.

A Short Story by LAWRENCE EMERY

"So we go to the IG," said Sergeant Lapson. "And then what happens? You tell me, Lippy."

"Well, the Inspector General," said Lipp, "listens to your story. He'll probably be a colonel, and most likely an old Army man, and for a long time now he's been traveling around listening to the complaints of GI's and he's pretty bored. You talk, and he leans back and thinks to himself, 'What a hell of a way to sweat out a retirement.' Then you go away and he goes away, and everything stays the way it was."

"And if you *don't* go to the IG," said Sergeant Land, "I don't ever want to hear you or Cort yap-yapping about this thing again."

It was hot under the pyramidal tent. It was early evening. The sun, which had banged all day like a brass gong in hell, was arching now toward the low green hills rimming the valley but it still blared with heat and the men in the tent dripped with sweat.

The squadron was settling down for the night. Airplane guards, carrying carbines and blankets (it would be chill before morning), straggled toward the orderly room. Men wearing only their shoes and towels around their middles straggled past them toward the showers. Filipino girls, bearing bundles of laundry or baskets of bananas on their heads and looking amazingly cool, walked among the tents in the enlisted men's area.

"And if you do go to the IG," Corporal Riley remarked, "the CO will probably have a report of your visit and your complaint by tomorrow morning."

"What do you think about it, Cort?" Lapson asked.

"It's a foolish and useless thing to do," Cort said. "But we'll probably do it."

"One thing is sure," Lapson said. "Nobody else will do it."

After the sun went down—it slipped rapidly behind the green hills once it reached the horizon—the heat hung on for a long time, like the slow-fading tone of a big bell. And then the clouds formed up, the wind came gushing in from the east and with a roar and a rattle the rain came down.

It made driving to Fort Stotsenburg difficult. The jeep leaked. The rutted road, full of holes and deep pits, was treacherous even when dry. Now, with entire stretches of it buried under water, with the rain splattering against the windshield, and with the downpour so violent that the headlights could scarcely penetrate it, driving became a matter of luck.

"This is a silly expedition," said Cort.

"But if you didn't do it you wouldn't be able to sleep with yourself," Lapson said. "We know it is useless; we know that nothing will come of it. I hate the idea of talking to the IG. I used to be convinced that nothing could ever happen to me in the Army that would send me to talk to one of these Joes. And here I am battering through a tropical rainstorm, on my own time, to see one. It *is* a silly expedition. But it is the only thing we can do. So we do it."

The jeep bounced and skidded. The wind lashed the rain into their faces. When the lightning flashed they could see the road ahead of them; it ran water like a river, and lining it on both sides were the twisted piles of wrecked Japanese planes.

It was raining harder when they reached Stotsenburg. They parked in front of the officers' club and walked dripping up the stairs and into the large auditorium-like room. At a square table in one corner sat the IG, a colonel. On his left sat his stenographer, a master sergeant. Two enlisted men sat at the other two sides of the table.

Cort and Lapson put their ponchos and helmet liners on a table and sat down to wait. Besides the two men already being interviewed, only one other man was ahead of them, a captain who, it turned out, was eager to complain that he had been overseas long enough and should go home.

Lapson looked at the IG. He's an old Army dog, sure enough, he thought. This will be more useless than I suspected. Guess I sort of hoped to find a social worker. Or at least a man with a conscience.

He turned to Cort and whispered, "You'd better let me do the talking." Cort nodded in agreement. "We'll have to keep it very formal," he continued. "From what I can see from here, we won't be able to let our hair down. We'll just go through the motions and then get out." After a moment he said, "Too bad we aren't officers. I think I'd like a drink when we get finished."

When the IG was ready for them they walked over, stopped stiffly at attention and saluted in the extremely self-conscious manner in which all American soldiers salute. "Sit down," the colonel said. "Give me your rank, name, serial number and organization."

When he was ready for them to talk, Lapson cleared his throat and began.

"Sir," he said, "our complaint is a very impersonal one. It has to do with the relations between our forces here and the Filipino people. A number of incidents have occurred recently in our squadron and we feel that unless something is done, the situation may lead to an outbreak of violence in one of the towns around here some night. If that should happen, we think it would have serious political repercussions. . . ."

Lapson paused, wondering if this was a good opening. The rain splattered like buckshot on the roof. He looked at the colonel and thought of the old Army gag: this guy wasn't born, he was issued. He glanced at the master sergeant. Well trained, he thought. Not a flicker of interest appeared on his bland face. The colonel said, "H'm."

Lapson continued. "Well, sir, if you were here when we first came into the Philippines, you will remember that at the beginning there was a very warm and genuine friendship between the soldiers and the Filipinos." He

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paused. This is stupid, he thought. *How are you going to make this man* understand warm friendship. . . .

(The day you landed at Leyte it was raining and as usual everything was snafued. You found that you were twenty miles from where you should have come in. You waded ashore from the LST's and after a quick check found that the road to where you had to go was all but impassable. But the Navy was tough. "You'll get off here and you'll get off fast. There hasn't been a day since D-Day that this beach hasn't been strafed and bombed. Get your stuff off so we can get out of here." The surf was running pretty high. The equipment of a heavy bombardment squadron is unwieldy. Most of it bogged down as soon as it hit the soggy sand of the beach. You were sitting ducks for any Japanese plane that chose to come over. Then the Filipinos appeared. Bare-footed, wiry and tough, they pitched in without asking questions. It was their strong backs and sturdy legs that got you unloaded. When the Japanese did come over the LST's were already gone, your stuff was scattered enough not to make a good target, and you had plenty of time to find cover for yourself. You were pretty proud of the Filipinos that day; you felt pretty warm toward them. . . .)

THE colonel "H'm"-ed again and Lapson continued.

"In our first days," he said, "there was nothing that the Filipinos and the soldiers wouldn't do for each other."

"I maintain the everyday world is not nearly as terrifying as the dream world."

(On Leyte you found yourself assigned a swamp for your squadron area. For the first two weeks you went barefooted because you were in water almost to your knees all the time and you all began to break out with jungle rot. The crud, you called it. Then the Filipinos came again; they went out and cut bamboo and they carried it on their backs, and from dawn to dark they built raised platforms for you to pitch your tents over. And the Filipino who owned the coconut grove that surrounded your swamp just shrugged his shoulders and said, sure, go ahead and cut down all the coconut trees you need. He was very small, this fellow, almost dainty, and he wore silk shirts. And when he smiled he showed almost too many teeth. So you checked up on him and found that he had fed and financed guerrilla bands and had fought the Japanese himself. You had to cut down quite a few of his trees because a road had to be slashed through to the highway, and you needed logs to bridge the swamp. But you didn't waste any. He never asked to be paid for them. There was the old man, a powerful old fellow who could not speak a word of English. But he liked to come by your tent and sit down and smoke a cigarette and smile. Sometimes he'd sit for an hour or more, not talking, but just sitting and smoking and smiling and nodding, as though everything in the world was perfectly understood between you and needed no words. When he left he always took your dirty clothes with him and when he brought them back washed and ironed he would become very angry if you tried to pay him for his work.)

"The friendliness of the first days lasted about three months," Lapson told the colonel. Outside the rain beat down violently. It drained off the roof of their building in great sheets. The wind was getting stronger, and when the thunder came bursting after the lightning it was useless to talk. "Then imperceptibly the relations began to change. Or, I'd say, they changed on our side. The Filipinos remained as friendly as ever. We didn't. And now, since we've been stationed here at Clark Field, they have deteriorated to the point where, as I said, there is a danger of a violent

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outbreak some night in one of the towns. Our boys are drinking bad liquor, and the Filipinos are a proud people, as you know, sir."

Lapson paused. The colonel said nothing. The master sergeant looked blandly uninterested. Outside the rain and the wind made an uproar. Cort nervously lighted a cigarette.

"THE incidents that have occurred in our squadron," Lapson continued, "will indicate what I mean. There have been several, about six in the last three weeks. I would like to describe the most recent. They all follow the same pattern, and this will serve as an example. I'd like to point out at the start, sir, that all of these affairs involved only officers, no enlisted men."

Lapson paused. Cort spoke up suddenly. "Would you like their names, sir?" he said.

The colonel glanced at him. Before he could speak, Lapson broke in. "I don't see any point in identifying them, sir," he said. "As I pointed out, this is quite impersonal with us. We didn't come to report wrong-doers; it is simply that we are concerned with a situation which may get out of hand, and may have serious political repercussions. . . ."

Dangerous word, political, Lapson thought. He had a moment of quick anger. Christ, what am I sitting here talking to this Joe for? He felt humiliated, somehow debased. He wanted to finish quickly now, and to get out.

"Day before yesterday," he continued, "a young Filipino, about nineteen years old, was walking from Stotsenburg to his barrio. When he passed our squadron he saw a pile of burlap baks lying besire the road—the kind we use for sandbags. He took three of them off the pile, draped them over his arm, and walked on. He made no attempt to conceal them; it was obvious that he was not stealing. He simply picked up something he found lying by the roadside."

(It was a wonderful day; midmorning with the sun high and hot but with a cool wind blowing down off the hills. Alfredo was very happy; the high grass was very green, the sky was very blue, and he was not hungry. For had he not just eaten an amazing meal, sitting on the back steps of the officers' mess at Stotsenburg where his friend was employed as a waiter? Now he would not need much supper, and that would leave more for his sisters and his mother and his small brother. He scuffed his bare feet in the dust of the road and as he approached Clark Field he began to swell with pride, as he always did when he walked past the airbase so crowded with great planes that it seemed bursting with power and strength. Why, there were twice as many planes here now as the Japanese had ever had; and the Japanese were far away now and would never come back. And when he saw the burlap bags lying by the road they were just what he needed. Let's see, how many should he take? Well, he can't use more than three, so he'll take three. And no one can mind; lying here in the open they will soon rot under the rain and the sun. He put the bags over his arm and walked on. It was indeed a fine day.)

"HE HADN'T gone far," Lapson continued, "before one of our officers ran out from the orderly room and grabbed him. The officer took the bags from him and then led him back and brought him into our Squadron Intelligence office. There were several other officers in the briefing room. They came over and they got pretty rough with the boy. No physical violence, although they pushed him around a bit, but plenty of verbal violence—'black bastard,' 'thieving son of a bitch,' that sort of thing. And threats. One officer was particularly loud with the demand to 'lynch him.'

"I'd like to point out here, sir," Lapson continued, "that in all these cases the charge was always theft, but there was never any effort to prove the charge. No trial, just punishment. And I believe, sir, that there is nothing in Army regulations that gives an officer the right to inflict punishment, especially upon civilians of a liberated country. In the other cases the punishment took various forms, designed mostly to humiliate. In two instances the victims' heads were clipped and then they were forced to run the gauntlet, with officers using the buckle end of their belts. In another case, the victim was clipped and then forced to wash pots and pans in the mess hall all day with a sign around his neck, 'I am a thief.'

"But this time it seemed that they might do something drastic."

(Alfredo smiled when he saw the officer coming toward him. He even stopped and waited for him. He was very surprised when the officer grabbed him roughly and said, "You thieving bastard, come with me." Alfredo could not know that this was Lieutenant Charles Bassard, that he was a bomber pilot, that he was just twenty years old, and that he came from Texas. Neither could he know that Lieutenant Bassard was a hero of the squadron and that only a week before he had performed one of the exceptional feats of the war. Flying a routine search mission he had found, in broad daylight, a powerful convoy of Japanese warships escorting several merchantmen. He was required only to report the position of the convoy so that a suitably large force of planes could go after it. Instead, alone and without protection, he attacked it himself. He made two skip-bombing runs at mast-top level and sank a 10,000-ton tanker. His plane was pretty badly shot up on both runs. Then he and his crew had fought off two Japanese fighters. In the encounter two of the crew were killed, one of them the co-pilot. One of the plane's four engines was shot out; most of its controls were damaged or destroyed. Yet Lieutenant Bassard had flown it back to the base and had managed to crash-land it without further injury to the crew. Alfredo could not know any of this. It is unlikely that knowing it would make any difference to him at the moment. He was led into an office where he was slammed into a chair. Several other officers surrounded him. "Stealing, eh?" one said. "Sit up there, you black bastard. What's your name?" Alfredo could not know that this was Lieutenant Ralph Dobson who came from Detroit and who was a very conscientious and hard-working Intelligence Officer; neither could he know that Lieutenant Dobson was very much disturbed because he wasn't a captain and that, whereas he was jolly and gay with his fellow officers, he could not get along with his enlisted men. But this wouldn't have meant much to Alfredo, either. Nor the fact that this heavy-set fellow was Captain Henry Robb, the flight surgeon, whose home was in Connecticut and who for many months now had to be

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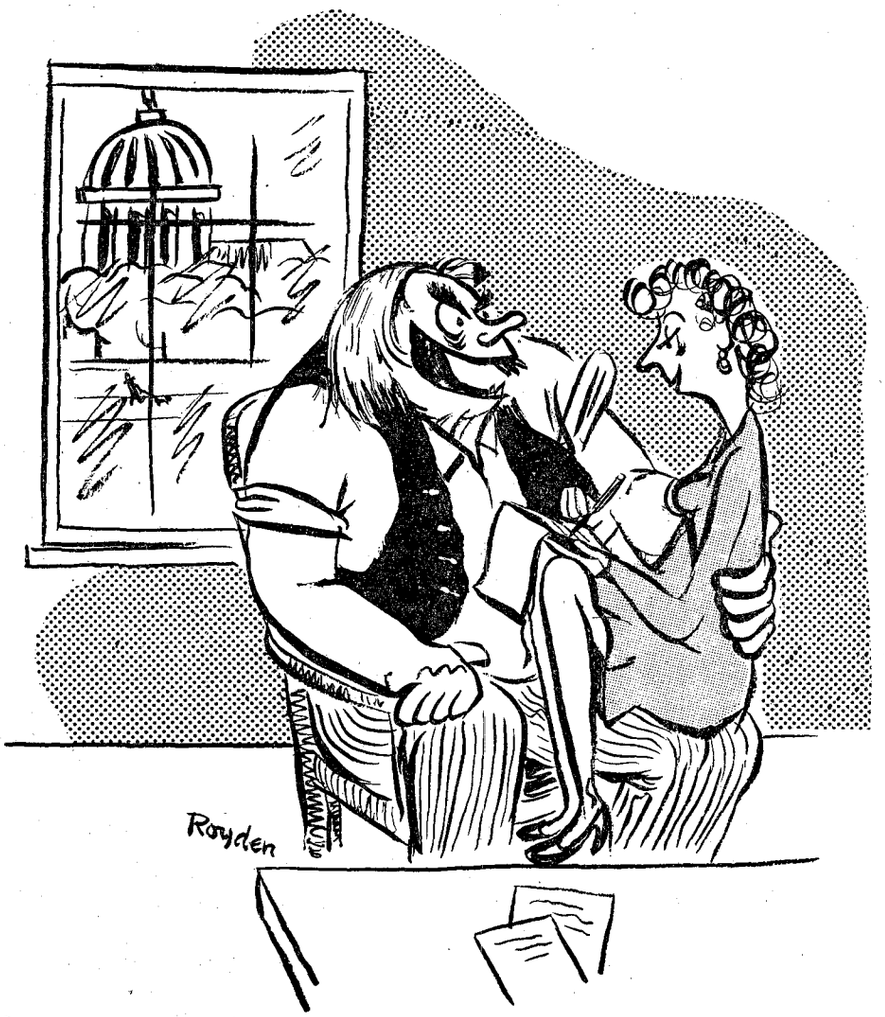
Sen. Rankest Says:



"'And I greatly appreciate your assistance in my recent nomination.'—Send copies to Tom Clark, Westbrook Pegler and the Grand Dragon."

summoned from his tent whenever he was needed; for a long time now he had been concerning himself with getting a transfer back to the States on the ground that he had been too long in the "forward area." This tall noisy fellow, the one who kept shouting "Let's lynch him," had already flown his required missions and was now serving as Squadron PX officer so that he could remain in the theater long enough to become a captain, but Alfredo couldn't know that even if it might have been of interest to him. The PX officer, Lieutenant Carl Dimon, was generally disliked by the men of the squadron because they suspected him of looseness with PX prices and PX funds, but what would Alfredo care about that? Alfredo was bewildered. What have I done, he thought, and what is happening? These are my friends; did we not hope and pray for them to come back, and did we not fight while we hoped? Was not my father killed in this fight, and was I not in the hills with the guerrillas for three years? Alfredo was not only bewildered, he was frightened. The Japanese had taught him fear; he knew fear well. And he knew that he was afraid now. He did not understand all the hot words that were flung at him, but the faces ugly with anger he understood too well. And he saw only the small circle of angry faces crowding close upon him. He could not see beyond the circle where the faces of other soldiers showed other emotions. He could not hear the sergeant in the adjoining office slam his hand on his desk and say to the men with him, "God damn it, we can't stop it; do we have to stay here and watch it? Let's get out of here!" He could only see the faces directly before him. And the only thing he could remember, the only thing he could seize upon, was the faded memory of a vast assemblage of guerrilla fighters and people who had supported the guerrillas. He grasped for it now; it had been a dark, moonless night, and no light had been shown; the throng had been restless and in the far distance the rumble of guns could still be heard, because it had not been over yet. The speaker had been one of their heroes, one of their few leaders who had not been captured, who had throughout the occupation maintained contact with his people. "The Americans," he had said on that dark, rumbling night, "have come back. They will soon be among us. . . . And you must remember," he had said, that they are not gods. Like all of us, they are men, and there will be some among them who may not have a full understanding of all that we have done, all that we have suffered, just as there will be among us those who will easily forget, or never will have known. Do not be misled by the wrong actions of a few. Above all, maintain your dignity and your pride. . . ."

. . . "You can't humiliate these bastards," Lieutenant Dimon was saying. "We've tried it before. Let's take him out and do a job on him. . . ." But Alfredo heard only the words that came crashing through from that dark, rumbling night.

"WELL, sir," Lapson said, "the six officers involved in this particular episode hit upon a new idea. One of them was left to watch the prisoner while the other five went to their tents and got their automatic pistols and buckled them around their waists. They brought his pistol to the lieutenant who was standing guard. Then, standing in front of the boy, they made a great show of inserting the magazines in their pistols and putting them back in their holsters. They were silent now and they led him out of the building. They surrounded him and marched him down through the squadron area, down what amounts to our company street, across the creek, beyond the latrines and into the open field behind our camp site. The crews who were not flying and the men who were not on duty all came out to see what was happening, and they trailed along behind so that when the officers stopped with their prisoner, there was a considerable gallery behind them

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some distance away. Well, to cut it short, sir, one of the officers led the boy out a little way and pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket. While he was folding it in the shape of a blindfold, the others lined up facing the boy, drew their pistols and charged them. Then the handkerchief was tied over the boy's eyes and they went through a mock execution. Of course, they fired over his head. But he collapsed as though he had been hit. He fell in a dead faint. A little later the flight surgeon went to him and looked him over. He came back and said that he'd come to after awhile, that he'd be all right. Most of the men went back to their tents."

Lapson paused. He looked at the colonel, who was leaning back in his chair, his rugged, lined face etched glaringly in the bright light suspended over the table. The master sergeant was as bland as ever. Lapson looked at Cort, who shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly, as though to say, Well, that's it.

"That's what we came to see you about, sir," Lapson said. "We feel that if this sort of thing goes on . . . well, as I said before, there may be repercussions which might . . . well, become embarrassing. We think something ought to be done about it. . . ." God, he thought, what a way to wind it up.

The colonel stirred and sat erect.

"The boy wasn't physically injured, was he?" he asked.

"No sir, not physically. But I don't know what it did to him mentally," Lapson said.

"Well," the colonel drawled, "I don't suppose you've been in the Army as long as I have. We've treated thieves in the Army like this for as long as I remember. I'll tell you what I think. I think this is just old American horse-play. I don't think there was anything vicious about it. But I'll refer it to the Air Inspector."

The colonel leaned back, shielded his eyes with one hand and began talking in a monotone, going back and recasting the story in his own words. The master sergeant took it down in shorthand. The colonel droned on. Lapson quit listening. He looked at Cort, who was staring at his hands. When the colonel finished, Lapson and Cort stood at attention, saluted, turned and hurried to their ponchos and helmet liners. When they stepped outside the rain slashed at them violently.

IS "WORLD GOVERNMENT" THE ANSWER?

As against the reactionary utopianism of the world state project, the United Nations, if based upon Big Three cooperation, can insure peace.

By JOSHUA STRAUSS

In last week's issue Mr. Strauss discussed the premises on which world government advocates rest their case. He pointed out their failure to understand how imperialism shapes the relations among capitalist states and the falsity of their position that it is sovereignty which is at the root of international conflicts.

A WORLD state can conceivably be created out of the imperialist world in one of two ways. The imperialist way would be the complete triumph of one imperialist nation (or alliance of nations as Churchill proposes) over the rest of the world in a war, or wars. The only other way is through the achievement of socialism in all countries, through the final abolition of capitalism and its state forms. To expect imperialism to abdicate its state-arm, to commit suicide, in plain language, is the height of folly.

There is a significant division of labor, in effect if not in deliberate intent, among the world state advocates. Reves represents the "radical" wing, that speaks of the "poverty, frustration, dependency and lack of freedom" created by industrialism, of the "fabulous wealth for a few and increasing poverty for many," and so on, all to be corrected with the magic wand of the world state. Again and again he pleads with the Communists to see the error of their ways and join up with the world government forces.

He does not bother to plead with the bourgeoisie. That is done by the openly reactionary wing. Its chief spokesman is Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, who organized the so-called Pan-Europa movement in 1922 as the propaganda center for a United States of Europe. The driving force behind Coudenhove-Kalergi's program is anti-Sovietism in its most brutal and naked form. After 1939, he enlarged the United States of Europe into an " 'Atlantic Union' of Western Civilization, embracing Pan-America, Pan-Europa and the British Commonwealth" as the only possible alternative to "Stalin's victory," which would "condemn Europe to become a part of the Soviet Union, equally [with Nazism] hostile against everything America stands for and lives for." In such a federation, the "different states should be able to maintain their traditional political systems as far as they are not in contradiction to European collaboration and civilization. This means that neither Nazism nor Bolshevism would be tolerated."*

Coudenhove-Kalergi wants a peace based "on reason and cooperation like the peace of 1815." When Napoleon was defeated in 1815, the Austro-Hungarian Prince Metternich organized the semi-feudal heads of Europe into a Holy Alliance to crush the bourgeois-democratic revolution seeth-

*Speech delivered in 1942; mimeographed copy on file in the New York Public Library under the title "The Future of Europe and America." Coudenhove-Kalergi's "anti-Nazism" requires brief comment, for it has given him entree and a considerable vogue in American liberal circles. In fact, it is not anti-fascism at all but anti-Germanism, stemming partly from his strong pro-Hapsburg loyalties and partly from his conviction that American and British imperialism are stronger bulwarks than the German brand against "Bolshevism." He made this quite clear in a speech delivered at International House in New York City on November 3, 1940 (also available in the New York Public Library): "semi-fascist states like Greece, Portugal and Brazil are struggling for the defense of our civilization. It is, therefore, a mistake to identify Western civilization with democratic constitutions."

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ing on the Continent. Coudenhove-Kalergi wants another Holy Alliance today, and he has found his echo in Churchill (and the Pope too).

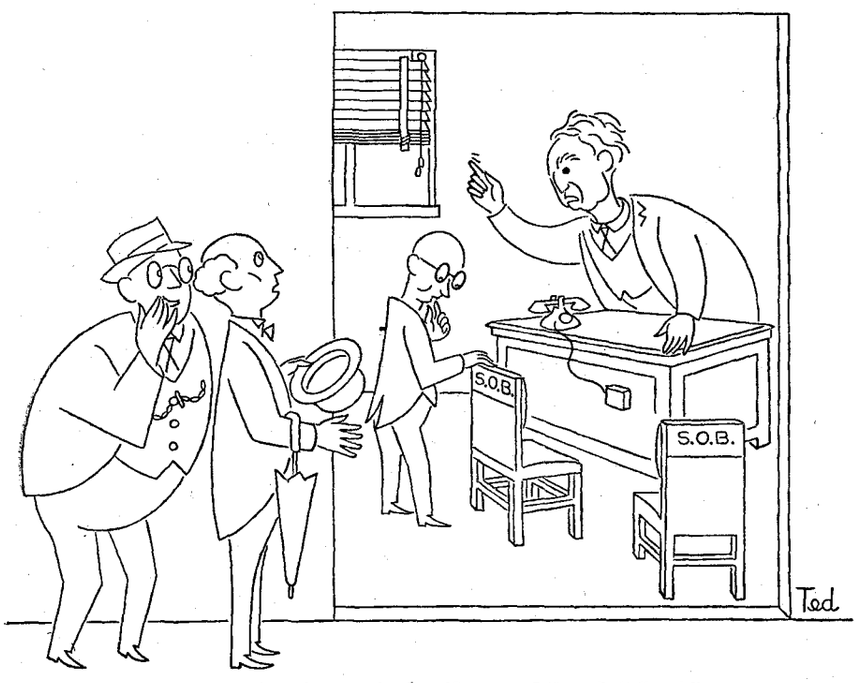
Division of labor means different work for the same ends, not different purposes. Though less crude than Coudenhove-Kalergi, Reves is by no means free from anti-Sovietism. Many of the intellectuals who have lent their names to his program do not share these particular tastes, however, and thus find themselves torn by conflicts.

Professor Einstein is an excellent case in point. Despite serious shortcomings in his understanding of the Soviet Union, he has repeatedly shown his warm friendship for the Soviet people. When he threw his support to world government, he revealed a decided uneasiness about being mixed up in anti-Sovietism and tried to disassociate himself from it. His clearly honest desire "to avoid any harm" has not, however, worked out in practice, for he unfortunately finds himself cooperating with reactionaries for a reactionary project.

ANOTHER major test of the integrity and humanity of the world state advocates, as of everyone today, is their attitude towards the colonial peoples in their struggle for independence. "Self-determination," writes Reves, "is an anachronism. . . . It asserts that every aggregation of peoples has a sacred right to split itself into smaller and ever smaller units, each sovereign in its own corner. . . . Because this ideal once held good—in a larger, simpler, less integrated world—it has a terrific emotional appeal. It can be used and is being used by more and more politicians, writers, agitators, in slogans calling for the 'end of imperialism,' the 'abolition of the colonial system,' 'independence' for this and that racial or territorial group. The present world chaos did not come upon us because this or that nation had not yet achieved total political independence. It will not be relieved in the slightest by creating more sovereign units or by dismembering independent aggregations like the British Empire that have shown a capacity for economic and political advancement."

Winston Churchill would not want a comma changed in that paragraph. It is the ideology of imperialism couched in the language of imperialism. Not imperialist rivalry, not imperialist oppression of colonial and even non-colonial peoples leads to war. On the contrary, strengthen the British Empire and similar "aggregations" and thereby eliminate war.

The very nature of capitalism gives the lie to this ideology. In China, Spain and Ethiopia it was imperialism which brought war against the desire of the people of those countries to develop their own society peacefully. Today it is imperialism which prevents democratic unity in China and sows the seeds of armed intervention and civil war. In India and Indonesia, in the Middle East, it is again imperialism's inevitable drive for markets and export of capital that prevents the achievement of independence and leads to continual armed conflict. In Greece it is the British Empire and its "need for life-lines" that led to armed invasion by British troops.



"He insists it stands for 'Senate Office Building.'"

At this point the question may be asked: What in the present political situation draws many people devoted to the cause of peace to so patent a fraud as the world government program? All personal considerations aside, the answer will be found primarily in the failure to secure world peace after World War I, and specifically the failure of the League of Nations. A large number of books and articles have been published in the past few years retelling the story of the League, the exaggerated hope attendant upon its formation, and the cynicism and despair that accompanied its rapid collapse. We cannot dismiss this lightly, for the next question is: How can one have the slightest confidence in the UN after the experience of the League? This is a serious question, one of the most profoundly serious of our time.

One of the answers given is the vague idealist answer that reason and justice must ultimately triumph. They suffered a temporary defeat the last time because of the more skillful maneuvering of the forces of unreason (Henry Cabot Lodge), because of "human blindness," or for a dozen other, equally meaningless reasons. Perhaps the day of success is at last at hand, thanks to the Second World War.

However, months before the war ended, strains became manifest in the unity of the Big Three. They have become sharper and sharper ever since V-E Day, and they put a quick end to the reason-and-justice school of thought. The field was thus left wide open for the world state advocates. The League failed, they argued, because these advocates were completely wrong in trying to perpetuate, and not to destroy, the nation-state system.

THE Marxist answer derives from the difference between the two wars. The First World War, resulting from a world crisis in the capitalist economy, was a struggle between two groups of imperialist powers for redivision of the world. The Second

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Trygve Lie.

World War also came as the result of a world capitalist crisis and it did not lack imperialist aspects, but it assumed an anti-fascist liberating character. A major role in the war and in giving the war this character was played by the non-capitalist, non-imperialist Soviet Union and by democratic people's forces all over the world.

The difference between the wars led to a difference between the instrumentalities that grew out of the wars. Once again we apply our two test cases—the colonial and dependent peoples and the Soviet Union.

The League Covenant set up the infamous mandate system for those colonies of the conquered countries which were "inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world." (There is not a word, of course, about the colonies of the victor nations). The character of the mandate varies according to the "stage of development of the people," their geography, economy, etc., but only in the case of some territories of the former Turkish Empire is "their existence as independent nations . . . provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone." The others received pious exhortations that their "well-being and development" are a "sacred trust of civilization," but not even the hope that they might some day achieve independence How "civilization" exercised its "sacred trust" and the kind of "administrative advice and assistance" rendered by the mandatories are well known. An imperialist treaty produced nothing but imperialist results.

The United Nations Charter, on the other hand, marks a great improvement in the treatment of colonies, though it is a far from perfect document and the test of its application in practice is still to be made. First of all, that stalest of all pretexts for colonial oppression, the characterization of peoples as 'not yet able to stand by themselves," has been discarded. In its place, the obligation is explicitly assumed to "develop self-government, to take due account of the political aspirations of the peoples, and to assist them in the progressive development of their free political institutions." Elsewhere in the Charter this obligation is restated as follows: "to promote . . . their progressive development toward self-government or independence as may be appropriate to the particular circumstances of each territory and its peoples and the fully expressed wishes of the peoples concerned." In other words, trusteeship, unlike the mandate system, is envisaged as a temporary institution. Even colonies of the victor nations receive some consideration, though by no means enough, in the clause extending the trusteeship system not only to League mandates and the "colonies detached from enemy states" but also to "territories voluntarily placed under the system by states responsible for their administration."

The League Covenant, drawn up by the victors in an imperialist war, registered the triumph of one group of imperialist powers and their seizure of the spoils. The United Nations Charter reflects the war of liberation against fascism and the release of vast popular forces that the war brought about.

IMPERIALISM has not surrendered, of course. Spearheaded by the British, and largely supported by the United States, the spokesmen for imperialism fought successfully at the San Francisco Conference (which wrote the Charter) to weaken the trusteeship clauses in several important respects. At the first meeting of the Security Council they maneuvered, again with far too much success, to hamstring the Charter as adopted.

The Soviet Union is the one major power to champion consistently the rights of the colonial peoples. It has been argued that the Soviet Union also participated in the League of Nations and could not succeed in preventing the war. In origin, however, the League represented an anti-Soviet coalition, working with an imperialist machinery. The Soviet Union, born under a slogan that contained the word "peace," has maintained a consistent peace policy ever since 1917. In 1934, after Hitler's succession to power in Germany had made the threat of war an immediate one, the Soviet Union entered the League of Nations, not because the League had changed its character but because the USSR was not willing to permit even

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so feeble an opportunity to prevent war to go untried. Refusal of the major capitalist nations to join the Soviet Union in a program of genuine collective security was the insurmountable obstacle, however, and fascist aggression turned into world war.

In the Second World War, however, the Soviet Union was a major partner, in the actual fighting, in the formulation of the United Nations program and structure, and in its operations. That fact by itself cannot insure that the UN will be permitted to do what it was established to do. Only the efforts of all the peace-loving, anti-imperialist forces, led by the working class, can supply the added force needed to make the UN an effective, functioning instrument of the people. The imperialist bloc will find great difficulty in maneuvering against the united stand of the Soviet Union, the new people's governments arising in Europe, the progressive colonial peoples, and world labor.

It is in that light that we can understand the real significance of Senator Connally's efforts in London early this year to prevent official recognition by the UN of the World Federation of Trade Unions. The AFL issue was merely a convenient smokescreen behind which to fight against labor's participation in the UN. (It is significant that Robert J. Watt, the AFL's top lobbyist at the UN and other international meetings, is one of the twenty original sponsors of Reves' book.) To prevent labor's full participation is to help sabotage the UN itself. Conversely, the Soviet support for WFTU affiliation to the UN is an important contribution to the success of the UN.

Labor has the responsibility of helping the honest peace forces avoid the pitfalls, of which the world state is one. The youth movement, for example, already reveals danger signs. Last February, the Student Federalists held a four-day conference in which student leaders and young veterans representing thirty-five colleges and twenty-five high schools in twenty-six states participated. The programmatic resolution of the conference declared that the UN "will not be adequate unless it is capable of making, interpreting and enforcing world law," that, therefore, "a federal world government must be created," and that "the United States and the Soviet Union are the two chief obstacles to such action."

In the case of veterans' organizations, it is hardly probable that the reactionary elements in the leadership will turn to world government as an ideological weapon for their reactionary purposes. Yet it is not without significance that the president of the American Veterans Committee, **Charles** Bolte, is one of Reves' sponsors. Bolte has close ties with the Social Democrats and we must look forward to increasing use by Social Democrats of the world state slogan as a disruptive issue in the labor movement and in intellectual circles.

In reviewing *It's Up to Us* by Harris Wofford, Jr., president of the Student Federalists, Bill Mauldin called the plan "logical" and compared it with the Federalists of the American Revolution (New York *Herald Tribune*, July 7).

The Charter of the UN provides a large part of the necessary machinery to prevent war. As against the reactionary utopianism of the world state project, the UN is realistic and feasible, provided every peace-loving American fights for the cooperation of the Big Three and a reversal of the policy of the Truman administration driving towards war.

OBLIVION OF THE AVENUE

By KEENE WALLIS

He drifts with the drift of people in an odd absence of any feeling,
a daze of wondering doubt.
He is vaguely aware that each of those passing is a human being
with interests, worries, business, and that such things are,
that back of the shop fronts and building facades is the intense and intricate play
of brain and muscle speeding
projects incredibly conceived and relentlessly carried out.
He is lulled by the noteless hum of bus and car,
and there is not on this avenue, to rouse him, the contrasting pound and jolt and rattle of truck or cart or dray.
He is hypnotized by the sing-song murmur which is the softened echo from distant haggling and screaming,
the almost identical tread of sidewalk-disciplined feet, the composite of the orderly sounds of day
gliding smoothly toward invariable wasted night and another unlived routine day.
He is not consciously distracted by the punctual stop and start of traffic, the occasional greeting
from persons to persons—or rather from places to places,
for the stockings, arms and shoulders, the hats and coats and trousers
are crowd, and the crowd seems part of the street as the lettered windows are.

He drifts in a blankness of preoccupation.
Slowly the familiar but always mystifying spectacle of well regulated, easily functioning futility changes.
It is as if he were not quite attentively reading
a greatly advertised book, seeing and unseeing,
perplexed in spite of its appearance of affable simplicity
but following lines of print and regularly turning pages
without impression of subject, words, or meaning;
then grasped a cynical purpose in the subtle and somnolent elusiveness—
adroit evasion, suave rationalization of confusion, flattery of isolation
to create a sensuous blur of evenly fitted irrelevance,
inducing, despite one, forgetful tolerance, indolent acceptance
of the everyday warfare of terror and atrocity—
and threw the book away.
There comes a surge of poignant feeling.
He is aghast, that expertly calculated effects of suppression and of display
could fool him into momentary patience with all that sinister parody of service, business, and well-being,
that he was ever passive as these who throng this avenue, and absorbed, oblivious as they.

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review and comment

PARABLE, OR WHAT?

Anti-Nazi novel of "opportunism versus selflessness." Four twins and four paths.

By GUY ENDORE

THE TWINS OF NUREMBERG, *by Hermann Kesten. Fischer.* $3.

"THE TWINS OF NUREMBERG" makes good reading. That in itself might recommend it. If one can also assert that it is an anti-Nazi novel that at times rises to fine passion, then there would seem to be no reason at all to carp. And yet, upon finishing the book one question stands out above all others: why wasn't this novel much, very much better? For it will be obvious to any reader that the novel as a whole doesn't measure up to the author's undeniable talents. Why?

The novel opens at the end of World War I. In a style half-mocking, half-serious, with an abundance of vividly realized scenes, the author introduces us to his main characters, the twin sisters Primula and Uli, who are running away from their cruel father. Both are young and beautiful, but one is sweet and content, while the other is avid and ambitious. The two girls eventually marry men of quite opposite tastes and convictions. Uli marries Musiek, a poet and lover of mankind. Primula marries Lust, a former artist who has had to give up painting because the war mangled his hand. Lust is adventurous, capable and opportunistic.

The reader can see already where all this is heading: Lust will ride to power and wealth along with the Nazis even though he secretly despises them, while the ineffectual Musiek will have to flee for his life to Paris. Then will come World War II. . . .

Yes. But to complicate this simple pattern of opportunism versus selflessness, there is another set of twins, Alexander and Caesar, the sons of Primula and Lust. Primula was pregnant before her marriage and ashamed of her condition. She therefore forced her sister to simulate pregnancy so that no one should think one sister was better than the other. After marriage, when the twins are born, she gives Caesar to Uli. Later, jealous of her sister's success with the upbringing of Caesar, she forces through an exchange, giving Uli Alexander and taking back Caesar. Still later, when the boys are grown to young men, she craves possession of both children, and manages to induce Alexander to leave his parents and Paris, and come to Berlin where his twin brother Caesar is an S.S. captain.

Alexander soon runs afoul the Gestapo, is beaten up, sentenced to a concentration camp. Caesar decides to throw in his lot with his brother, rescues him and flees with him to Paris. Thus Uli, on the eve of war, gets both her sister's twins. Five years later Caesar has died, fighting with the Maquis, while Alexander enters the ruins of Nuremberg as an American lieutenant and once again meets his mother Primula. The grey-haired woman curses him for being an enemy of his fatherland.

Maybe all this wouldn't be so difficult to follow, although I, for one, was occasionally lost among this double set of twins. But what really fatigues the reader is a constant and futile effort to discover some meaning behind all this twin business, some meaning behind all this exchange of Caesar for Alexander, some occult explanation, who knows? perhaps of human destiny, of Nazism versus democracy, or something. Damn it all, the author *must* have had some reason to choose these particular characters to bear his story. The book is obviously a parable! I'm just too stupid to get it.

Is Kesten trying to say that monozygotic twins, than which nothing can be more alike, may develop either fascistically or democratically, depending on mere chance? But was it chance that Ceasar went against the Nazis? Or was it because he spent his early years with sweet Uli?

Frankly I give up. Maybe the book isn't a parable at all.

Leafing through the volume again I discover that the parts I enjoyed most had little if anything to do with the story of the twins. For example, the best part of the episode in which Primula goes to have herself aborted has nothing to do with either abortion or midwife or Primula. It is a gripping eyewitness account of the murder of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. (Why introduce this long story precisely at this point? Is this a parable? Did Germany thus abort herself of her true future, the revolution?)

Again, in the entire life of Musiek, one of our most important characters, you will find nothing nearly as good as the story of Wunder and Emma, who just happen to be friends of Musiek, and never play any role at all in the main plot. This episode runs forty pages and is tops. (Can't imagine any occult meaning to this at all. The author must have just rung it in because it was good.)

Claire's adventure with the Gestapo is only remotely connected to the central story. But an especially flagrant example of this "annex" writing occurs in the story of the twin boys' incarceration at Colombes, where France so cruelly mistreated her anti-Nazi refugees. Here the best episode, one that you will never forget, concerns Konrad Wurmer, his pretty wife and her two sons, people who have never appeared in the book before, and never appear again.

In Kesten's hand, as a writer, are many trump cards—but also a couple of weak suits. Part of the novelist's art, it seems to me, should be to plan his book according to his trumps, not according to his poorest cards. Kesten, it seems to me, has played his hand just the reverse, with the result that he fails to score the full value of the cards he holds.

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Jewish Life in New York

THE RISE OF THE JEWISH COMMUNITY OF NEW YORK, 1654-1860, *by Hyman B. Grinstein. Jewish Publication Society of America.* $3.

THIS valuable monograph is in many respects a model of its kind, and in the very inadequately cultivated field of American Jewish historiography it is unfortunately an almost unique example of careful research. Whatever its self-imposed limitations, the book makes original and important contributions to our knowledge of the life of the Jews in this country. Invaluable for students and scholars, this dissertation should also interest the growing number of persons who are beginning to read American Jewish history as a part of their generally expanding consciousness of the problems of Jewish life.

Dr. Grinstein is concerned with what he calls "the inner life" of the Jews in New York from its early English colonial days of a population of a couple of thousand, with about 100 Jews, to the time in 1860 when it was a metropolis of almost three-quarter million people, of whom forty or perhaps fifty thousand were Jews. For the last thirty years of this period, the New York Jewish community was the largest and most important in the country. As the foundation for his work, the author has closely studied the minute books, records, and materials of ten of the twenty-seven synagogues in the city during the period covered and of five Jewish philanthropic organizations. Within this framework, Dr. Grinstein makes a systematic examination of a multitude of phases of the life of New York's Jews. He includes descriptions of synagogue organizations, ritualistic practices and their evolution, with the gradual separation of some functions from the traditional control by the synagogue, such as charity, the provision of burial and education. There are highly informative sections on philanthropic activities (poor relief, medical care and one pension system!); on aid to immigrants after 1820, on social life for adults and the young; on "Americanization" and culture, the family and the home, the funerary customs; the tendency to non-observance or laxity with reference to ritual, the growth of the number of "unsynagogued"; the emergence of Reform Judaism as an attempt on the part of the wealthier Jews to win greater respect from their fellow-citizens and on the part of some rabbis to stem the tide of non-observance by changing the code to be observed; the trend to intermarriage and the rarity of apostasy.

In the final section, Dr. Grinstein considers what he calls "wider horizons"—the efforts towards cooperative activity on common problems within the Jewish organizations in New York as well as between them and communities in other parts of the country; the reaction in 1840 to the Damascus blood libel charge; the indignation in 1858 about Edgar Mortara, a Jewish child in Bologna who "had been secretly baptized by his Catholic nurse and then forcibly removed from his parents by order of the Pope"; and the relations between the Jews of New York and those of Palestine, which began in 1759.

Interpreting his materials, Dr. Grinstein makes some distinctive contributions. For instance, he successfully challenges the common notion that most of America's Jews were of Spanish and Portuguese origin until the German-Jewish migrations of the 1840's. "By 1729," he concludes, "Ashkenazic Jews constituted a majority, and, after 1750, the community was overwhelmingly Ashkenazic." He also has a significant chapter on the changing concept of religious leadership caused by American conditions of life. He notes first that there were no formally ordained rabbis regularly in charge of New York congregations until the 1840's. The rabbi, whose traditional function had been that of a judge and an interpreter of the Jewish law, "bereft of a Jewish community with courts of justice within which he could function, was thrown into the synagogue, where he became a preacher, a leader of the service and a theologian." Before ordained rabbis appeared on the scene, however, the *hazzan*, or cantor, was the minister or leader of the congregation, and tended to assume all the functions of spiritual guidance.

Dr. Grinstein finds that "the ideal of learning was abandoned" both in religious and secular studies, and that "the observance of the Sabbath was neglected" by the Jewish immigrants. At the same time, he finds that "the ideals of moral conduct and social responsibility remained, and were even strengthened," that "the ideals of belief in God and justice were retained, though their expressions were variously modified," and that "the ideals of

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democracy and of freedom of thought and action were adopted from the American cultural pattern."

The value of these observations, however, is limited by Dr. Grinstein's concept of the "inner life of the Jewish community," which he defines as activities "under the auspices of Jewish institutions or organizations." Thus he explains, "a ball given under the management of a Jewish organization is a Jewish activity; whereas the fact that Jews are said to have filled the lower balcony of the Chatham and National Theater in the 1850's must be considered outside the province of our study." With this guiding principle, which excludes from consideration "general Jewish and Christian activities" and even such Jewish activities as support of the non-Jewish victims of epidemics here and abroad, Dr. Grinstein's generalizations dwindle in importance. The retaining of the "belief in justice" is made to apply to matters such as "the record of dissent on the part of a minority [in a certain synagogue] against trials, fines and other harsh measures" imposed by synagogue officials upon offending members, but the subject of the relationship of the Jews to slavery, which was increasingly becoming the basic economic, political, social *and moral* issue of the latter part of the time covered, is hardly mentioned. Similarly, the ideal of "social responsibility," which Dr. Grinstein concludes was "even strengthened" under American conditions, is narrowed down practically to "the ever-increasing determination of New York Jews to care for their own poor."

But even when Jews acted in their own organizations, Dr. Grinstein seems to me sometimes to miss the significance of certain actions. He is better in describing the effect of American life on the Jews than in depicting the effect of Jews on American life. He appreciates the impact of the theory of the separation of Church and state upon the Jews, but he fails adequately to evaluate the contribution made by the Jews, who repeatedly insisted that equality of religions with reference to the state did not mean only equality of Christian religions. On at least three occasions (Dr. Grinstein cites only two), the Jews made a public issue of the fact that state governors, in their Thanksgiving Day Proclamations, had called only on Christian churches to conduct services. Dr. Grinstein, while noting the fact in one sentence, does not see this protest as part of a pattern of conduct that helped our country broaden its basic concepts. Yet both the Jewish press of the time and the general press discussed the problem in that light, and the debate whether this is "a Christian country" is still not ended. In this connection it should also be noted that Dr. Grinstein makes almost no reference to anti-Semitic attitudes and conduct, and the reaction of Jews to these. If synagogue records have no evidence of such events, other sources do.

Despite the limitations within which Dr. Grinstein has decided to write this work, one can be grateful for its virtues without mistaking it for a full picture. The aspects he has selected he has treated authoritatively, with precise and voluminous documentation that is itself a guide to further investigation. He corrects many errors of fact, while his own errors are few and unimportant in a volume of 600 pages. But since he is now engaged in pushing his research into the period after 1860, it is to be hoped he will reconsider the premise and scope of his work, and perhaps determine that everything that Jews do is relevant to the rise of the Jewish community.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES

With Eyes to See

BEATRICE WEBB, *by Margaret Cole. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.

THE author of this memoir of Mrs. Sydney Webb describes herself in the 1945 edition of the British *Who's Who* as being fond of "dancing, walking and looking at foreign towns." Mrs. Cole, the wife of G. D. H. Cole, the Guild Socialist, is also, with her husband, a prolific writer of detective stories. Neither of these recreations, of course, is a complete index to Mrs. Cole's approach to biography, but, knowing of them, the reader will not be caught unawares and expect more than a superficial appraisal of the life and work of a truly great woman.

For more than a half a century Beatrice Webb and her husband were powerful factors in British and world labor. Beginning with *The History of Trade Unionism* in the 1890's (which incidentally was later translated into Russian by Lenin), the Webbs laid bare the fabric of British capitalism; their joint studies, patiently and quietly pursued, produced a mountain of factual material, damning evidence of the bankruptcy of British society. Along with these social and economic

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investigations went a political life not always consistent with the nature and results of their inquiries.

Sydney Webb was an early member of the Fabian Society, and Beatrice joined shortly after their marriage. In time they became the recognized spokesmen for Fabianism, whose philosophy of the "inevitability of gradualness" permeated the British labor movement. The Webbs tended to see history exclusively through a microscope, and they translated that circumscribed view into a political philosophy which they maintained and defended against all comers—until history in a different context passed under their eye. This different view came late in life when they studied the history of the October Revolution in the Soviet Union, a study that culminated in the famous two-volume work *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization.*

Once having studied the Soviet Union, the Webbs, and especially Beatrice, were ready to admit that their Fabian view of history was wanting, that gradualness does not inevitably develop into desired social and economic change. Mrs. Cole's biography is particularly deficient in examining Beatrice Webb's transition from her early Fabianism toward dialectical materialism, as it is presenting Mrs. Webb as a flesh and blood woman.

Indeed, Mrs. Cole puts the transition on a haphazard and emotional basis. MacDonald's government collapsed in 1931; Sydney Webb, a member of it, bitterly assailed the betrayal; the Webbs packed their bags and off they went to the USSR. Actually the Webbs' plan to do a study of the Soviet Union had been maturing for a long time, based in part on their realization of the inadequacies of Fabianism. Beatrice Webb fell in love with the Soviet Union. Mrs. Cole presents it as a case of puppy love, but, as anyone who has read *Soviet Communism* knows, it was a passion based on the same patient, painstaking appraisal of facts, the same inquisitiveness and scrutiny that characterized all of her investigations.

On the whole Mrs. Cole's book reminds me of those who come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. For its net effect is to present a very charming, capable, heart-winning woman who unfortunately in her old age slipped into a second childhood. Certainly Beatrice Webb deserves better than this.

STEPHEN PEABODY.

"Dissident"

AGE OF ASSASSINS, *by Philippe Soupalt. Knopf.* $3.

"AGE OF ASSASSINS" is the French poet-journalist Philippe Soupalt's memoir of his six months in a Vichy prison cell. M. Soupalt was what the collaborationist Petain regime described as a "dissident." Director of press and radio services for the French government in Tunis until the 1940 armistice, Soupalt was among the anti-fascists caught in the Vichy police's dragnet in March, 1942. He was jailed in Tunis for the crime of high treason.

Soupalt's account of his imprisonment is vivid testimony to his passionate love for liberty and contempt for the fascists. Unfortunately he is weakest in his understanding of the economic and social bases of fascism.

Thieves, swindlers and other criminals were also prisoners with the anti-Petainists in this Tunis jail. Loathing the Vichy jailors, Soupalt places on practically the same level the jailed murderer and the jailed Resistance fighter, because both were victims of Petain and both yearned unendingly for their release.

"Vichy cretinism," the "fascism of the failures" are some of the terms Soupalt uses to describe the Petain government. Its adherents and leaders were "mediocrities," "second-rate," envious of the successful.

All this is undeniably true . . . in its proper setting. But to ignore the architects of fascism, to leave out the role of the *powerful* and *successful* monopolists who in every country are the fountainhead of reaction, is to present an incomprehensible picture of the bitter, defeated and envious organizing, on the basis of these qualities, the fascist repression of the objects of their envy—the talented, the men of good will.

The greater part of Soupalt's book treats—and with much interest for the reader—of his and his prison-mates' reaction to all phases of their prison life. The blind faith in the lawyer's skill; the mingled longing and dread of a dear one's visit; the exhaustion born of the cycle of wild optimism and hopelessness of release; the constant warfare with prison authorities—all are described with insight and sensitivity.

Soupalt's title, borrowed from a line by Rimbaud, was chosen, he says, because "To my mind, all those who despise liberty or try to stifle or limit

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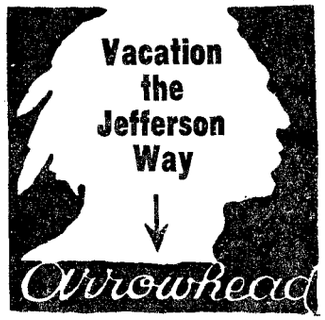

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it are assassins." Even this thesis would have been strengthened if he had dealt primarily with the anti-fascist prisoners, the fighters against Vichy. First things first. Before the prison system is completely transformed, the age of the assassins will have to be terminated. For that historic accomplishment, not the courage of murderers or the passion for freedom of the incarcerated crook, but the united and organized efforts of the "dissidents"—the workers, the Communists, the men of good will—is decisive.

ROBERT FRIEDMAN.

Man and Machine

MEDICINE IN INDUSTRY, *by Bernhard J. Stern. The Commonwealth Fund.* $1.50.

THIS is the fourth in a highly significant series of books written by Bernhard Stern, which deals with the development and the present-day functioning of our medical practice and problems.

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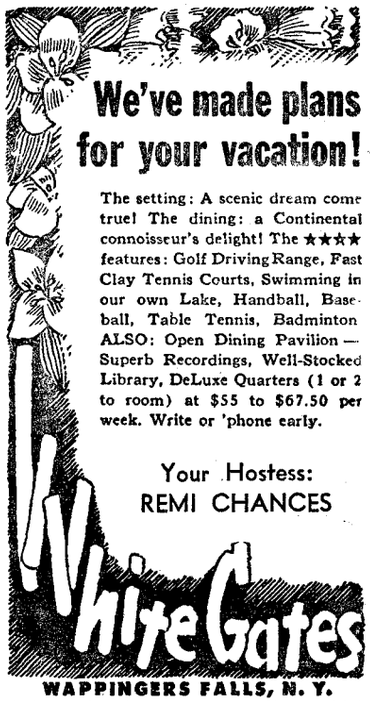
In his latest work Dr. Stern appraises the effect of our industrial apparatus upon the health of the human beings who operate it. With a wealth of clearly presented statistical data, he analyzes the comparative mortality rates for different occupational groups. He reveals, for example, that "the death rate for pulmonary tuberculosis among unskilled workers was seven times, and that for skilled workers nearly three times, the rate for professional men. . . ."

"These variations in death rates by occupation," continues Dr. Stern, "suggest that the nature of the jobs performed by the workers influences their susceptibility to certain non-industrial diseases." Dr. Stern's consideration of this problem is indeed original, for it is generally overlooked even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by those who readily see the pathological effects of the more immediately injurious elements in the worker's environment, such as toxic agents, dusts, dampness, etc. Dr. Stern has made a sound beginning in the effort to understand the *cumulative* consequences that these and other elements in the worker's milieu have upon his physical health.

Considering the possibilities of preventive medicine in industry, Stern demonstrates that there is a wide disparity between our scientific knowledge and the scientific practice employed by industry. Plant physicians are employed by only one-half of the large businesses, while the proportion of small plants having physicians is negligible.

Trends in health insurance: prepayment plans, Blue Cross, commercial hospitalization insurance, etc., are evaluated in some detail, while the role of trade unions in promoting similar plans among their membership is given the extensive treatment this new tendency deserves.

Industrial medicine, concludes Dr. Stern, will fall far short of its potentialities if it narrowly limits itself to traumatic surgery or accident prevention. The factory is a crucial part of the worker's environment. It is, Dr. Stern suggests, capable of becoming the center of preventive medicine among adult workers, much as the school already is the agency through which many children may obtain the latest benefits of preventive medicine.

In evaluating a book which, like this, is part of an unfinished series, definitive judgments can be made only when the series is completed. Nevertheless, certain suggestions for future developments might not be amiss.

First, I hope that in some forthcoming volume Dr. Stern will dwell upon the theoretical implications of the problem to which he has devoted himself. It has been demonstrated that the worker's health, for example, his susceptibility to respiratory infections, is intimately related to the number of hours he works. The latter is a function of the rate of exploitation, reflecting class relations in a capitalist society. It may well be suspected that the indices of workers' health may not be indefinitely improved in a capitalist society, and that there is a "ceiling" which capitalism places upon the improvement of the health and life expectation of the working class. Second, it would be desirable if—in an appropriate context—Dr. Stern examined the effect which our mode of production has upon the worker's *mental* health.

These, however, are suggestions for future work and should not be construed as a criticism of the book under review. Written in the lucid style for which Dr. Stern has become noted, *Medicine in Industry* is a book which should find its way to the bookshelf of every active trade unionist.

RICHARD GRAY.

Films of the Week

LILLIAN HELLMAN'S *The Searching Wind* is one of the few adult movies on Broadway at the present time. It is a good thing for such a film to be shown now, as a summary and an epitaph for the sick world of between-two-wars and as a warning against the politics which may take us into a third.

Apex of a triangle on which the story is built is a career diplomat (Robert Young). As an attache to the American embassy at the time when the first of the fascist dictators stages his phony "march on Rome," he is unable to see in Mussolini anything of international menace. This kind of political astigmatism has its compensations—in the fullness of time he becomes an ambassador and ace political troubleshooter. Given the mobility of the latter office, he is able to put the kiss of death on every attempt to halt the drift toward war.

Actually this is stating his attitude too crudely and too sharply. Our diplomat would *like* to do the right thing if he could decide what it is. But neither his love for Cassie, who breaks her engagement to him at the time he accepts Mussolini, nor his respect for the dissenting opinions of the old newspaper editor who later becomes his father-in-law can give him direction. He marries Emily, who has a fondness for the fascist-breeding circles of the upper classes. When Munich comes he is with the torturers, murderers and sell-out artists, a little bit nervous maybe but sure that this time he is right, that he is keeping his son out of the foxholes.

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When the son does get out of the fox-holes, he has learned enough to reject his father's actions. Unfortunately for us the father (like his counterparts in Washington) has learned only to apologize, although his past policies are naked in the searching wind of history.

Robert Young gives to the difficult role of the diplomat a dignity and an element of the pathetic which are a credit to the actor's skill but which might not find their counterparts in the State Department. Sylvia Sydney, returning after a long absence from films, does an excellent job as Cassie. At the other leg of the triangle is Ann Richards, new in the movies, so far as I know. Dudley Digges is her "liberal" father who retires and allows his paper to be leased by a journalistic Quisling.

More important than the story of the flesh and blood characters is Lillian Hellman's geometry of appeasement-betrayal-war. It is a well defined documentation of isolationism and of those pious bourgeois frauds who managed to have so many of us murdered. I do not mean to infer that the film is a kind of political travelogue. It is a fine and exciting achievement on any level.

"SIR," says one of the King's ministers, "I call you 'Sir' so that you will not seem lowly, like a woman." The story of *Anna and the King of Siam* is the story of how Anna succeeds in a world which custom had reserved for men.

Anna is a mid-Victorian woman endowed with considerable stubbornness, single-mindedness and a dash of what came to be called feminism. She finds herself in a barbaric backwoods court as the foil to a king who wishes to modernize his country. The situation allows for plenty of comedy. It may not roll you in the aisle, but it is there. If you have suffered through a lot of misfires by the belly-laugh-or-nothing school of humor, you will find the film a pleasant change of pace.

Irene Dunne, as Anna Owens, who becomes the teacher of the King's household, seems more at home in the part than in anything she has done in a long time. Aside from realizing all the comic aspects in the role, she gives to it a real element of humanity. As a teacher Anna discovers that the standard operating procedures cannot be followed. The startling number of wives, concubines and children of the King are somewhat different from English scholars. Added to her initial difficulties, the King reneges on his offer to

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provide her with a house. She bears this cross with patience, fortitude and considerable malice. When she manages to teach her pupils to sing "Home, Sweet Home," the King capitulates and she gets her house. It is the first of many victories for the home team.

Anna's problems as a teacher are no greater than those of the King. If she has her difficulties with such awkward customs as that of burning on a pyre a girl who escapes from the harem, the King has his worries over the rapacity of the European imperialisms which are nibbling at his kingdom. To become a modern man is not so easy. "I think your Moses shall have been a fool," he says, trying to square geology and the Bible. He complains that there has been a mountain of books written, and that somewhere at the bottom of the mountain truth lies hidden.

To help him discover a workable part of that truth, Anna becomes his tutor and advisor, performing such diverse tasks as writing to President Lincoln with the offer of a number of elephants as a kind of Siamese lend-lease for the Union forces in the Civil War; and dressing (in hoop skirts) for a dinner to representatives of European governments, a bevy of the King's wives who normally were almost as naked as jaybirds. Both operations are successful. When the King dies, his son, whom Anna has educated, begins to put into practice the theories she has taught him.

There is excellent acting by Lee J. Cobb and Gale Sondergaard, but it is Rex Harrison who has a field day in the role of the proud and troubled King. This is probably the best role he has had, including those in English films. As the errant wife, Linda Darnell burns with a gem-like flame.

IN THE "BIG SLEEP," now, it all gets started because General Sternwood has two beautiful daughters who are no better than they should be. One of them gets put on the hook by a blackmailer and that brings Philip Marlowe (Humphrey Bogart) onto the scene. Marlowe is a private dick—natch—or, as he prefers it, a shamus. They pronounce it with a Harvard "A" all through the picture, too. It's very impressive.

It isn't long before the blackmailer, who also tries to make a few nickels on the side in the filthy book racket, gets knocked off under peculiar circumstances—to wit: he is engaged in photographing the younger Sternwood

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daughter, Carmen (Martha Vickers), probably as an illustration for one of his books. That she is hopped up like a coky's dream goes without saying.

From this point on, the stiffs turn up at a rate which confounds the law of probability. As Marlowe remarks, everybody in town seems to have a gun. When someone isn't being shot, he's being forced to drink poison or is sapped on the head or beaten up. It's just one hell of a rough life.

Even when Marlowe clears up the blackmail case, he isn't out of the woods. There's still the question of one Shawn Regan, who has disappeared. General Sternwood wants him found. Vivian, the older Sternwood daughter (Lauren Bacall) wants Marlowe to drop the case. So do certain low characters who, to make their attitude quite clear, inflict on Marlowe one of the gaudiest beatings the screen has filmed. One goon holds him while the other slugs him, and the blows sound like someone beating a bale of cotton with a ten-foot baseball bat.

Partly, no doubt, as a result of the beating, and partly from the erotic impact of Lauren Bacall, our hero is in danger of becoming a wee bit battle-happy. He is still able to swap innuendo (type M1A1 Jr.) with the gal, but he is not sufficiently on the ball to keep from getting captured by the Chief Heel. However, he escapes and if it is not exactly virtue that is triumphant, at least the murderer gets lighted up in a final burst of gunfire which suggests that the tommy-gun is making a comeback.

All in all, by sticking quite close to the original story, the movie manages to squeeze a lot of juice from Raymond Chandler's novel. This is due in a large part to the excellent writing job done by William Faulkner and Leigh Brockett. Their whodunit may be a little cute in spots, but it is good as these things go. However, in the matter of character, in the quality of evil and of atmosphere which Chandler got into the story and which lifted it out of its genre and gave it a real literary validity—here the film gets lost.

As is usual in this kind of thing the cast is uniformly good. Fred Steele suggests an especially nasty kind of killer. Sonia Darrin has the voice of a well-tempered buzz-saw. Bacall is Bacall—and she sings "And her tears flowed like wine." Bogart seems to have mellowed a bit, but he can still kick someone in the teeth without apologizing. THOMAS MCGRATH.

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